The Beaver

A MAGAZINE OF THE NORTH

SS. Nascopie, Robertson Bay, Greenland, September 7, 1933, 740 Miles from the Pole

OUTFIT 264
NUMBER 3

The Governor's Visit

Russian Fur Business —A. E. S. Miller-Stirling

How the Tale Was Told —Mary Weekes

Old-Time Trading —Peter Freuchen

Six Northern Photographs —Max Sauer, Jr.

Archives of Hudson's Bay Company —R. H. G. Leveson Gower

Chief Factor and Photographer —H. M. S. Cotter

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY

Hudson's Bay Company.

INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670.

.... To New Heights

THESE have been difficult years, and you and I, and all of us, have worked under strenuous conditions. The clouds have lifted slightly, but the horizon is still obscured in mist, and it is the steadfastness, the courage and the loyalty of the men and women of the Company which have enabled us to steer our ship through these troubled waters. At a time when ruin and disaster have pursued so many great enterprises, the Hudson's Bay Company has been able to make progress which is notable in the world of commerce. The voyage of the *Nascopie* this year might well be a symbol of our progress. This stout ship, known and loved by you men of the Eastern Arctic, proceeded about her task, admitting no difficulties and conquering all obstacles and arriving at her home port precisely on time. It is so with the Company, and we will proceed toward our objectives in Outfit 264 with the confidence of the enduring loyalty of the men of the Fur Trade, and, knowing what you have accomplished in these last years, I am satisfied that we shall carry the Company's name to new heights.

—*From the Governor's broadcast to the Fur Trade, Winnipeg, October 24, 1933.*

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HUDSON'S BAY HOUSE — WINNIPEG, CANADA

OUTFIT 264 — DECEMBER 1933 — NUMBER 3

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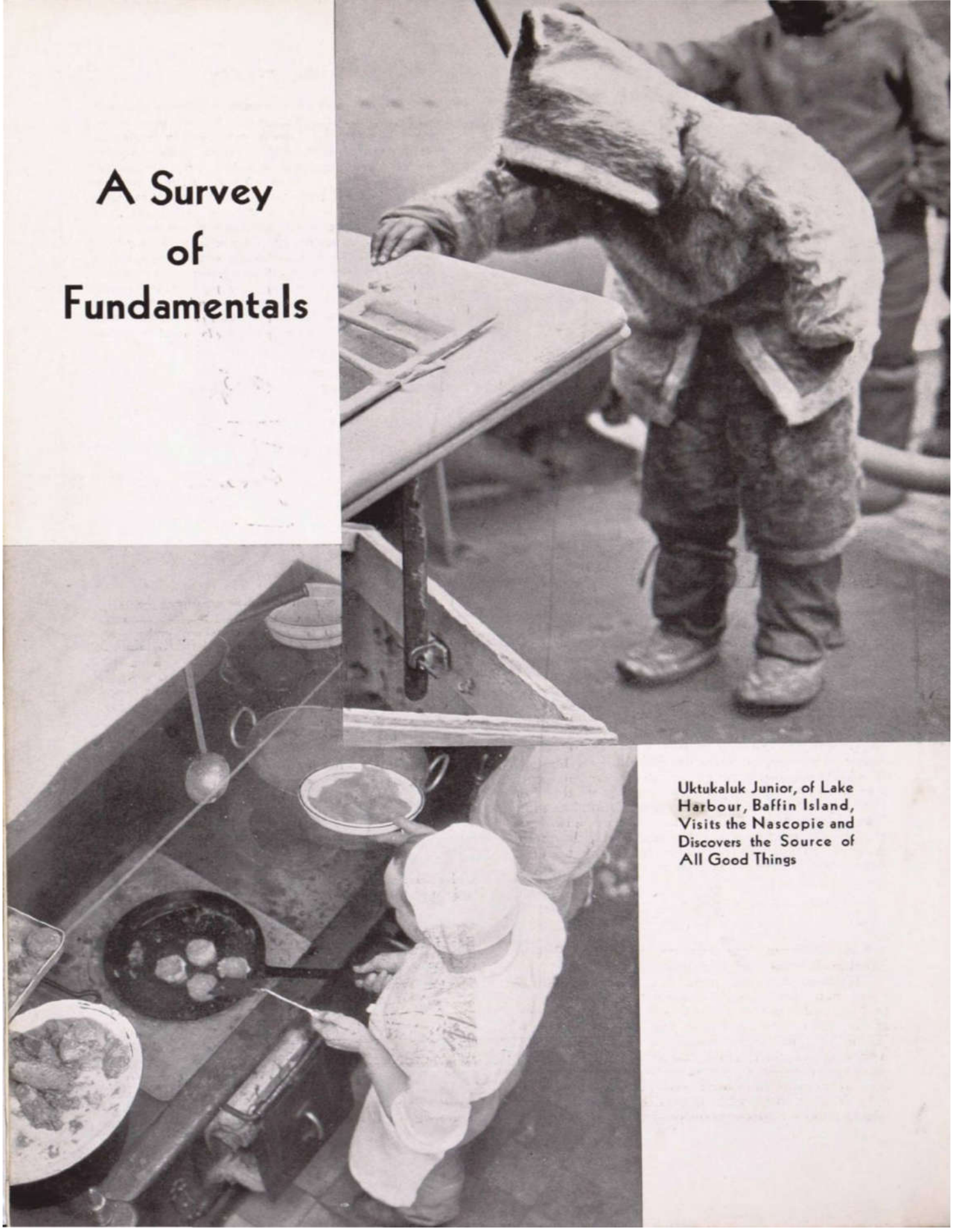
THE BEAVER is published quarterly by the Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay, commonly known as the Hudson's Bay Company. It is circulated to employees and is also sent to friends of the Company upon request. It is edited at Hudson's Bay House, Winnipeg, under the direction of Douglas MacKay, at the office of the Canadian Committee. Yearly subscription, one dollar; single copies, twenty-five cents. THE BEAVER is entered at the second class postal rate. Its editorial interests include the whole field of travel, exploration and trade in the Canadian North as well as the current activities and historical background of the Hudson's Bay Company in all its departments throughout Canada. THE BEAVER assumes no liability for unsolicited manuscripts or photographs. Contributions are however solicited, and the utmost care will be taken of all material received. Correspondence on points of historic interest is encouraged. The entire content of THE BEAVER is protected by copyright, but reproduction rights will be given freely upon application. Address: THE BEAVER, Hudson's Bay House, Winnipeg.

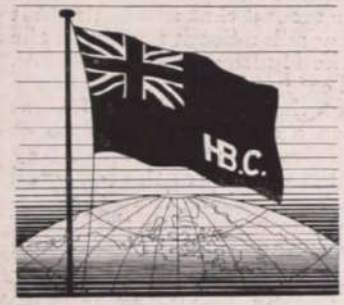
A Survey of Fundamentals



Uktukaluk Junior, of Lake Harbour, Baffin Island, Visits the Nascopie and Discovers the Source of All Good Things

THE HBC PACKET

In the late weeks of the summer, Sir Alexander Murray, Deputy Governor of the Company, came to Canada and travelled with Mr. Chester from Winnipeg to Victoria and back, visiting the retail stores and offices of the fur trade, wholesale and land departments. Sir Alexander, by his genuine interest in Company affairs, and his extremely wide experience in business in Great Britain and the East, was able to bring to our problems that detachment of view which is so valuable in the British-Canadian structure of the Hudson's Bay Company. The unfailing cheerfulness with which he approached matters here will always make our recollections of his visit the very pleasantest. His words of encouragement for *The Beaver* and for the promotion of historical material were particularly gratifying in this office, where we always endeavour to keep on the alert for historic incidents in Company events. Sir Alexander's visit recalls to life the pages of the century old diary of that other Deputy Governor whose name lives in Canada, Nicholas Garry, and the photograph of the Governor, the Deputy Governor and the chairman of the Canadian Committee at Fort Garry gate achieves more than passing significance.



Excerpts from "Has History Value?" by James Truslow Adams, in *The Forum*, August 1933:

"Without a sound grounding in knowledge of what men have done and thought in the past, we and our children will inevitably become the victims of any ignorant quack who has learned a certain jargon of impressive pseudo-intellectuality and who may advocate nostrums for our ills or medicines for our souls which have been tried over and over in the past and found wanting. . . . The only view of the world, or events, which is worth taking from a humane standpoint, or is even profitable to take from a dollars-and-cents standpoint, is the broad and philosophic view. Such a view is impossible to the man who scorns the past and takes pride in a narrow dogmatism on living solely in the present and the future. . . . We cannot advance without new experiments in living, but no wise man tries every day what he has proved wrong the day before. What the accumulated personal experience of one lifetime is to a man, that of the race is to a civilization. To ignore that experience is not to be modern but to court that almost certain risk of waste and disaster in retracing over and over those false steps which mankind, unhappily, seems so prone to take."

GREETINGS

WITH the approach of another Christmas we review our position, and for the first time for some years we find reason to be hopeful. Close at hand, both in Europe and North America, we see great confusion, political and economic, and no one can foresee the future. But here and there throughout the world emerge brighter patches, countries where conditions have taken a definite turn for the better. With faith and patience we shall see these breaks in the cloud gradually spread across the sky. For us the past year has been one of ceaseless effort, but effort stimulated by the knowledge that we are winning. In every department of the whole organization we are advancing. Much still remains to be done, but it will be accomplished, for we have confidence in ourselves, confidence in each other, and confidence in the destiny of the great Company. I send you my best wishes for a Merry Christmas and good luck to you all in the New Year.

To Mr. Garon Pratte, of Quebec City, we are indebted for the loan of a gold brooch consisting of a beaver (with the tail studded with brilliants) and decorated with maple leaves. It is owned by the descendants of the Frobisher family, and is said to be one of the pins worn by the wives of the members of that roistering band of fur traders of Montreal—the Beaver Club. From what is known of this club of fur barons of the North-

west Company, it is doubtful if their crinolined and hoop skirted ladies ever got into the masculine precincts of the Beaver Club, but it is pleasant to learn that they at least received some recognition. McGillivray, McTavish, Mackenzie, Peter Pond, Simon Fraser, Cuthbert Grant and Frobisher were a few of the members who left their names on the maps of Canada. A gallant company. Shrewd, aggressive, Scottish Canadian traders who in their mature years met to dine in state, to sing the old songs of the fur brigades, to tell and retell their adventures in the wilderness of the Northwest and to entertain distinguished visitors to Montreal. In the auction rooms of Montreal recently, a few dingy pewter spoons turned up and were bought for a few cents. A careful examination revealed upon them the stamp of the Beaver Club with the animal just as in the pin. Trinkets only, yet they are all that we have left of this stout hearted band who added another patch of colour to the business of fur trading. Founded in 1785 by nineteen partners of the Northwest Company, all of whom had wintered in the West, the Beaver Club lived until 1824, and its list of guests included such names as John Jacob Astor, Sir John Franklin, Washington Irving, Lord Selkirk and Thomas Moore.

Some of our milder critics have challenged the sub-title of this periodical, "a magazine of the North." To this we retort with great emphasis that anyone who has wintered in this Red River colony of ours and still thinks they are anywhere but north should be confined to an open air cage with a complete outfit of thermometers, barometers, chronometers and a gyro compass. Of course this is north. We are a northern people, living on the north half of the North American continent, and if we stay long enough without too much steam heat we will produce a viking race. By way of emphasizing that being a northern people does not mean an Arctic people, we include in this issue some pages of pictures illustrating life in our stores and some pages of advertising of hosiery and cigarettes. *The Beaver* will continue to record the activities past and present of this great Company operating north of the forty-ninth parallel. As a symbol of our diversity we have chosen to illustrate these few words about the North with the profile of an elegant saleswoman who is about to ring the bell in the great business of retail selling.

The 27th September, 1933, saw the completion of the annual voyage of Hudson's Bay Company vessels into Hudson Bay, for on that day the *SS. Nascopie* docked at St. John's, Newfoundland, now her home port, after a ten thousand five hundred mile cruise. This year's voyage was unique in two respects: the first that the ship was at Cartwright when General Balbo's air armada broke its journey there, and the second that it was the first time an outstanding Canadian Scout had made the voyage as a guest of the Hudson's Bay Company. And did Scout Liddell enjoy himself? We certainly gather that he did, even though he thought he was to be left behind when a sudden storm arose at Craig Harbour. Liddell was cut off from the ship by heavy seas, and from the window of the Mounted Police barracks he saw smoke rising from the *Nascopie* funnel. He spent the night with the police, more than half believing that the ship would pull out during the night and he would have the doubtful pleasure of a winter's scouting on Baffin island. Daylight revealed that she was still standing by to receive her belated passenger. Two hundred and sixty-three years of voyages into the uncertain waters of Hudson Strait and Hudson Bay, and less than a dozen casualties—proof of the good seamanship of Hudson's Bay Company captains.

Mr. J. B. Tyrrell, president of the Kirkland Lake Gold Mining Company, is one of the best known explorers and geologists of the present day, and in addition has made himself one of the leading authorities on the history of exploration in Canada. His work in all three fields has been honoured by the highest awards from scientific and historical societies of Great Britain, the United States and Canada. Mr. Tyrrell's first award came in 1896 from the Royal Geological Society of England in recognition of exploration and discoveries in the area from Lake Athabaska to Hudson Bay; this distinction was the Back award given and endowed by the British Admiral Sir George Back, who in 1834 discovered the Great Fish or Back's river which flows into the Arctic Ocean near the Magnetic Pole. It is singularly appropriate that the first Canadian to win the award should have received it for furthering the discoveries of its donor.

In August of this year, Mr. Tyrrell, with Professor H. A. Innis of the University of Toronto, made an examination of what appeared to be foundations of buildings near Prince Albert and almost definitely established them as the remains of

the old Hudson's Bay Company post, Lower Hudson House, which was erected in 1779.

Mr. Tyrrell is in frequent correspondence with the Hudson's Bay Company and has been given access to its archives in London in connection with his scholarly work for the Champlain Society. The account of one of Mr. Tyrrell's expeditions, "Across Sub-Arctic Canada," published nearly thirty years ago, will always have a place upon the shelves of students of Canadian exploration.

There is a sad aspect to all museum efforts. Unless one has a genuine feeling for things of other days the very presence of relics, whether they are old guns, old papers or old books, is apt to be depressing. But, as stated in other paragraphs of this issue, if we are to see life clearly we cannot intelligently dismiss the lives and works of those who have preceded us. Thus, when we bring relics from the old posts of the Company to be displayed in our museums, there is always the faint suggestion of rustling among the bones of the sacred dead. Perhaps, we reflect, these old cannons should stay at York Factory where they stood guard for centuries. Perhaps this old chair should stay at Norway House, where Sir George occupied it like the emperor he was. Perhaps this picture should still hang in the residence at Moose Factory. Yet if our people are to be conscious of their heritage, how can the lesson be taught better than by means of these visual objects? With the York Factory and Mackenzie River libraries, one seemed to be on even more delicate ground. Here were the books of the fur traders: Volumes carefully ordered from the Old Country and brought out on the Company's ships as preciously expensive freight. Hundreds of these volumes were packed across this continent by the arm and leg muscles of the fur brigades to satisfy the mind hunger of the men of the Company. There must be something quite reverent about our approach to these old books. A few years ago they were gathered in from the posts of the Mackenzie River district and from York Factory and brought to Hudson's Bay House, Winnipeg. A few were placed on display in the Fur Trade department, but most of the two thousand volumes remained in storage. Only during recent weeks have they found a home where they can be made available to interested persons. A room has been set aside for them and these well worn books are now being put in order. They make up a collection which must be unique on this side of the Atlantic: biography and travel of the eighteenth century, generous measure of Edinburgh sermons, early editions of the Waverley Novels, bound volumes of early *Punch* and the *Quarterly Magazine*, military history and popular anthologies of a hundred years ago. Into this library have been brought the modern books of the Canadian Committee office library, making altogether the most important collection which the Company has ever made. Although there may be some regrets in having to move these old books from the posts, it has been done with genuine regard for their historical importance and with a view to their maximum usefulness in the Company's service.

Office life is made possible because of pleasant callers. In fact, if it were not for visitors, one would be inclined to apply for a clerkship at the Sardine Lake post which is referred to on another page, where at least an Indian would come in occasionally to smoke a pipe. Consequently, in this office we take pride in our callers and enjoy recalling their variety of enthusiasms and interests. For example, a few days ago we had a call from Mr. Charles E. Chambliss, who is the expert on rice for the Department of Agriculture of the United States. He spends his days and nights working on domestic rice and his holidays pursuing wild rice. After spellbinding us for an hour with descriptions of his rice growing experiments, he left us pledged to eternal friendship and with a promise to send him all reference to wild rice which we might find in reading the history of the West.

Then there was Dr. Weston A. Price, of Cleveland, who is director of nutritional research for some distinguished body, a charming man who was just back from the Liard River country. His conclusions about the effect of diet upon the birth rate of Indians were fascinating but of such an intimate nature that we must refer our readers to scientific periodicals for the results of Dr. Price's researches, while this family journal proceeds on its editorial way without regard for "the facts of life."

Von Dr. Colin Ross, German traveller-author-lecturer, was not content with a C.N.R.-C.P.R. tour of Canada, but joined the *Nascopie* at Churchill and secured first hand knowledge of the Eastern Arctic. He gets an AA rating from us because he borrowed an armful of books from the Canadian Committee office library and returned them promptly. We look forward to the Herr Doctor's book on Canada and will review it in *The Beaver*, even though it will be in German.

M. Henri Clerisse, French journalist, came among us some months ago fresh from border wars in Algeria. He covered an astonishing amount of North country, and disappointed us slightly by trying to sell us a series of his photographs in postcard form. The reporter-postcard salesman was new to us. However, M. Clerisse's was a cheerful visitation, and he wrote an excellent series of articles for *L'Intransigeant*, of Paris.

Professor A. Irving Hallowell, of the University of Pennsylvania, is another of those enthusiasts who takes his work into his vacations. He is a professor of anthropology and spends his summer

studying the Berens River Indians. We welcome him any time, because he is a willing contributor to *The Beaver*.

Russell Owen, of the New York *Times*, was mentioned in the last issue. His first story for *The Beaver* will appear in the March number, and his articles for the *Times* are scheduled for immediate publication.

Captain Peter Freuchen, whose article in this issue is accompanied by a biographical note, is one of our most welcome callers. A day with Captain Freuchen in public places is an experience not quickly forgotten. With the stature of a Viking, the appearance of an Old Testament prophet and a friendly feeling for the world at large, Peter Freuchen probably encounters more unusual adventures per day than most adventurers.

One of our least communicative callers was Mr. T. H. Manning, a young scientist-surveyor, who was undertaking some job on Southampton island for several British learned societies. Mr. Manning was so modest that we must wait for the scientific journals a few years hence before we find out what it is all about.

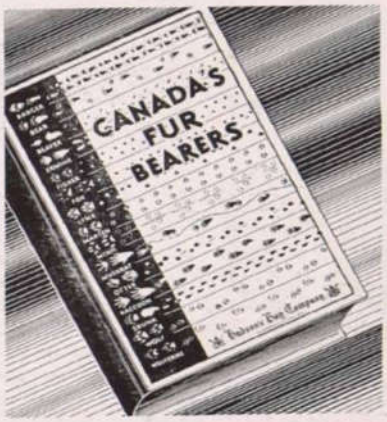
Herr Hans Baumann-Man and Frau Baumann-Man called in the early summer. He represents a German news picture syndicate which sends its men throughout the world, and entertained us with his intimate camera studies of Mussolini. He was headed for Great Bear lake, and we ordered some pictures of Hudson's Bay Company activities in that corner of the world which we trust will enrich future *Beavers*.

Thus our editorial lives are brightened by scientists, travellers, authors and photographers. From them all we endeavour to extract articles, pictures and information with which to animate *Beaver* pages.

The place names which are appearing in the North are characteristic of our time. In the days of "fear-God-and-honor-the-Queen" exploration, new places were frequently given names with some lofty sentiment, such as Fort Good Hope, Fort Reliance, the Bay of God's Mercy, or Cape Resolution, Fort Defiance, Fort Providence. Today in a casual examination of a map of the Great Bear Lake country, the eye catches on the astounding name of Spark Plug lake. It tells its own story of aviation, outboard motors and all the mechanical energy now being released in the exploitation of the North. As a matter of fact, it's a good name for a northern lake in a new mining field, even if it would puzzle Dr. John Rae or Sir John Franklin.

No doubt we may now expect a new flood of place names, such as Propeller Point, Transmission Bay, Pontoon Beach, Exhaust Pipe Creek, Fort Tail Spin, or Headwind Mountain. In new country they are useful names which serve to record on maps the efforts of our own time.

"Canada's Fur Bearers" is the title of a new sixty-eight page booklet produced by the Fur Trade department. It is generously illustrated with animal pictures, contains specific information about trapping, preparation of furs for the market, shipping, services offered by the Hudson's Bay Company, grading and fur farming. It also includes a map of Canada, twelve by sixteen inches, showing the extent of the Company's posts, fur purchasing agencies, retail stores and transport routes. The preface of this extremely informative book sums up its scope and purpose concisely:



"This booklet has been prepared to fill a long continued demand from trappers and others throughout the length and breadth of Canada for information concerning the fur-bearing animals of Canada, the methods of trapping them and of preparing and marketing the skins. It is not intended to be a treatise on natural history, or on trapping, but if it gives the beginner some of the information he requires in order to start trapping, or adds but a little to the knowledge of the more experienced trapper, it will have served its purpose. The information given is not claimed to be complete, or even scientifically exact. Our endeavour has been rather to give such information as the average trapper is likely to require or to be interested in, and to present it as concisely and accurately as possible."

The new post at Red Lake on the Howey Mine townsite in the Superior-Huron Fur Trade district is a symbol of the times. We are still frontier traders, but when the frontier goes urban we are still traders and adjust our methods accordingly. We come out of the log building and into a modern store. In a lesser way it is a tabloid example of the palisaded fort to the department store transformation, and we point to it with considerable pride.

Medals and Bars

The Governor Presents the Company's Long Service Decorations

At Edmonton

At Vancouver

At Calgary

And at Winnipeg

The Governor's Tour—1933

Mr. Ashley Cooper Surveys the Company in Canada

ON the morning of September 13, Mr. P. Ashley Cooper, Governor of the Company, arrived in Winnipeg for his third annual visit to the Hudson's Bay Company in Canada. To all of us in the Company, the Governor's tours are of the utmost importance, serving not only to remind us of that great body of fourteen thousand British proprietors who are vitally interested in H B C progress in Canada, but of the active participation in these matters by the Committee in London and the Canadian Committee in Winnipeg. There are other important aspects to these visits which cannot be disregarded. First, to the student of business administration the unique British-Canadian structure of the Hudson's Bay Company must be an example without parallel and of the utmost significance in inter-Empire relationship. Second, to the future historian of the Company these visits in 1931-32-33 will unquestionably mark the beginning of a new era in the long story. It is not difficult to visualize the actual chapter headings and divisions of the book which will set out this present period under the governorship of Mr. Cooper.

The Governor

In commenting on Mr. Cooper's visit this year the *Financial Post*, of Toronto, states: "It was a great task the Governor was given some three years ago to complete the restoration of a great company which had suffered severe losses in the first year of the depression."

"The annual visit of the Governor and his intimate studies of every situation right on the spot is an important thing to the Company and to each district in which it operates. Those visits and the changes in policy following the Canadian administration have had their effect."

A series of business conferences, with a few hours for golf, occupied the first days in Winnipeg. On the evening of the fourteenth, the Governor attended the military tournament in celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the Ninetieth Regiment, Winnipeg Rifles. As Governor of the Company, Mr. Cooper took the salute in the final march past. As the regiment went by in detachments wearing the uniforms and equipment symbolical of notable events in their history, one was vividly reminded of the common bond between this distinguished military unit and the Hudson's Bay Company. The senior officers of the regiment were afterwards presented to the Governor.

On September 19, the Governor and Mr. Chester left for Saskatoon. Mr. Allan's illness made it impossible for him to join Mr. Cooper until he reached Victoria. This Saskatchewan city was the centre of an unfortunate crop area, which always implies some distress and, of course, lowered purchasing power for the community. The spirit, however, was characteristic of the prairie cities in difficult times. The city and district were tightening the belt and settling down for a lean winter with the morale still good. Conferences with store officials and a few calls in the city made a crowded day, which was concluded by a dinner with excellent partridge shot that dawn by Mr. Barrett, manager of the store.

Two days at Edmonton followed; and that truly great, truly Northern city was in good spirits. The Governor's time was fully taken up with inspections, conferences and calls. On the first evening there was a dinner to a group of citizens, presided over by Mr. Chester owing to the temporary illness of Mr. Allan, and on the second evening there was a small dinner for senior H B C officials in Edmonton. From the point of view of this magazine, there was only one regrettable feature, and that was the facility of Mr. Hill, the store manager,

and Mr. McIntosh in avoiding the camera. Mr. Bartleman, manager of the Mackenzie-Athabasca district for the Fur Trade, was caught in the medal and bar presentation picture.

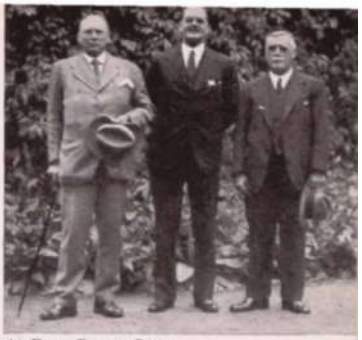
By the morning of September 23, the Governor's car was moving into the Rockies toward Jasper at the end of a mixed freight and passenger train. There is much to be said for such trains when passing through interesting country, for they stop at unusual places for unexpected intervals and one has the privilege of escaping from the unreality in which car windows frame the scenery. An hour at Jasper was just long enough to enable the Governor to visit the lodge, greet the famous bears, glance at the golf course and plan future holidays at this delightful spot. As the train moved on into the mountains, much of the time was spent in the reading of early Company records relating to early days in this district and in the examination of maps of British Columbia, with which the Governor had a wide knowledge based upon many years of Canadian travel.

At Vanderhoof the party was met by A. B. Cumming, district manager for the Fur Trade department. Two hours by car through mountain country, brilliant in the yellows and golds of autumn, and the Governor of the Company was on the historic ground of Fort St. James. There were no pipers and salutes of guns such as greeted Sir George Simpson one hundred and five years before, but the historic significance was not lost. Cameras recorded the official welcome of the post manager and, after an inspection of the outlying buildings, the entire party sat down to lunch at the residence. After the business of the visit was concluded, there was an interlude of duck shooting and fishing on Stuart lake. Ed. Forfar, fisherman, big game hunter, ex-policeman, mechanic, boat builder, hotel proprietor and raconteur, was the guide, and under the brilliant September sunshine, several memorable hours were spent. And the fishing was good. While Fort St. James has "atmosphere" for anyone who has a feeling for historical things, one was never allowed to forget that the wheels of industry were turning even further north. Several times each day an aeroplane would swing down over the mountains to the north to take men and supplies to the Slake Creek gold mining operations eighty miles away. On the second evening at Fort St. James, after dinner and before the return to Vanderhoof, the exchange of reminiscences between Forfar and the Governor on big game hunting in Alaska and deer stalking in Scotland made one of those rare, absorbing hours when one loses sense of time and place under the spell of tales well told.

On the afternoon of September 26, the Governor's party descended the winding road from Hazelton station to the village in the valley where the cold, fast waters of the Bulkley and Skeena rivers meet on their way to the Pacific. The recent reorganization of the post was of much interest to the Governor, and after some hours of investigation, conference and inspection, there was tea at the manager's residence. There was also an official inspection of the remarkably efficient hospital of Hazelton.

The following day, characteristic of the alternate sunshine and shower of the mountains, the party left Hazelton in three cars for Kitwanga. It was an experience of trail driving not to be forgotten. The clay trail deep in the valley is seldom reached by the sun and is consequently wet and deep with ruts for miles. The third car containing Captain Mortimer the Babine Indian agent, became so hopelessly bogged that it was ultimately abandoned, to be hauled out later by horses. The remaining cars proceeded *via* cable ferry across the Skeena to the Indian village of Kitwanga. The Governor had anticipated an official greeting, but as the ferry approached the shore it became apparent that the village had prepared a welcome. The chief of the Indians of the district and the manager of the Company's posts greeted the Governor as he stepped ashore. The totem pole band of the village played several patriotic airs as the Governor's party stood to attention. With drums beating, the Govenor was escorted through the village, and beside the post the villagers stood in a circle while Mr. Cooper spoke to them on behalf of the Company, the chief acting as translator. Gifts were exchanged in the traditional manner, and the dance of greeting was performed by one of the women of the tribe wearing the elaborate headdress, from which white seed fluff was tossed as part of the symbolism. Darkness had come by the time the ceremonials were over and the progress westward was resumed, with only a pleasant memory remaining of the fine simple dignity with which these Indian people received the head of the Great Company.

September 28 brought



At Fort Garry Gate

Golf in Winnipeg

With Mr. Barrett, Saskatoon

A Relic in Edmonton

Source of a Great River

The Bears at Jasper

Welcome to Fort St. James

Fishing Interlude

ort

Fly for a Fish

Fort St. James

Icome to Hazelton

iference at Hazelton

Hospitality at Hazelton

the Governor to Prince Rupert, where, during the morning, an inspection was made at the fur purchasing agency opened at Prince Rupert earlier in the year. A complete tour was made of the Government's fisheries and experimental station, and later of the very large cold storage plant, from which daily shipments of fish were being made to all parts of America, even to the Atlantic seaboard of the United States. There were social calls late in the afternoon, and in the evening the Governor's party left for Vancouver by boat.

In the early afternoon of September 30, the party arrived at Vancouver, to be greeted by the senior officials of the Company in the city. Two hours later a seaplane was taking off Burrard Inlet for Victoria, and even the most stolid of travellers could not have failed to find a thrill in the sudden sweep of sea and sky which comes to the air voyageur after several earth-bound weeks. As if to climax this escape from earth, Mount Baker to the south lifted itself clear of purple mist, and its snowy slopes took on a rosy, almost ruddy, glow. It seemed too soon that the ship swung down into Esquimalt harbour beside *H.M.C.S. Skeena.* At the landing, Mrs. Cooper, who had come through direct from England, greeted the Governor. Mr. Allan quite recovered from his illness, and Mr. Watson were with Mrs. Cooper.

Victoria during the three days there was at its autumn best. Company matters absorbed most of the time of the Governor, Mr. Allan and Mr. Chester. There were many calls and one of Mr. Allan's celebrated dinners at the Union Club, during which the high regard with which the Company is held in that delightful city was most apparent. The even tenor of the way of Victoria, together with the general improvement of British Columbia business, was reflected in the Company's business there. On the evening of October 3, the party left for Vancouver.

Vancouver, with its confident, metropolitan atmosphere, seemed to be the most animated of the Western cities. After a press interview, the Governor commenced four busy days with Company affairs throughout mornings and afternoons and social engagements in the evenings. The store, the headquarters of the fur trade district and the wholesale department office all received his attention. On the evening of October 5, Mr. Allan gave one of his incomparable dinners for forty guests. With no speeches and the Governor having opportunity to spend part of the evening with different groups, these have become valued features of Mr. Cooper's Canadian visits. On the morning of the seventh, Mr. and Mrs. Cooper and Mr. Allan left by motor for Harrison Hot Springs, where they were joined later by Mr. Chester for the Thanksgiving holiday weekend. It made an agreeable break from several days of intensive application to business, and there was golf and some fishing (although not so good as at Fort St. James).

Early in the week the Governor's party proceeded to Calgary for three days. Its renown for high morale, together with a comparatively satisfactory crop condition and the beginnings of renewed activity in the oil industry made this Alberta city seem brisk and more cheerful than twelve months earlier. The Governor received the press and commenced two days of Company business mostly relating to the store. Mr. Allan gave a dinner which conformed to the noblest traditions of Calgary hospitality, and on Friday, October 13, the party left for Winnipeg.

On Sunday, October 15, the Governor attended the divine service in St. John's Cathedral, occupying the Hudson's Bay Company pew. Then followed ten crowded days of business and social activities, including meetings of the Canadian Committee, conferences with senior officials, presentation of medals and bars for long service and a broadcast over a Montreal to Edmonton network to the Fur Trade posts.

On Wednesday, October 25, Mr. and Mrs. Cooper left for the east, where they were the guests of the Honourable Herbert Bruce, Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, at Government House, Toronto.

There was a stop in Montreal, where the Company's offices were visited, and on the 1st of November the Governor and Mrs. Cooper sailed from New York on the *Aquitania.*

The Governor's broadcast on Tuesday, October 24, was only the third time that the voice of a Governor of the Company has been heard in the Far North, the first broadcast having been made in 1931. His message was as follows:

"Men of the Fur Trade of the Hudson's Bay Company. Having travelled across Canada from

the Atlantic to the Pacific, and as far back as Winnipeg, I could not continue Eastward without making this effort to reach by radio those of you who are in the Far North. I am happy to say that my promise of 1931 to visit some of the Fur Trade posts each year is being fulfilled, and I intend to continue to visit sections of our Fur Trade and to meet you in the North. Meanwhile I am happy to have this opportunity of speaking to those of you whom I am unable to meet face to face.

"These have been difficult years and you and I and all of us have worked under strenuous conditions. The clouds have lifted slightly but the horizon is still obscured in mist, and it is the steadfastness, the courage and the loyalty of the men and women of the Company which have enabled us to steer our ship through these troubled waters. At a time when ruin and disaster have pursued so many great enterprises, the Hudson's Bay Company has been able to make progress which is notable in the world of commerce. The voyage of the *Nascopie* this year might well be a symbol of our progress. This stout ship, known and loved by you men of the Eastern Arctic, proceeded about her task, admitting no difficulties and conquering all obstacles and arriving at her home port precisely on time. It is so with the Company, and we will proceed toward our objectives in Outfit 264 with the confidence of the enduring loyalty of the men of the Fur Trade, and, knowing what we have accomplished in these last years, I am satisfied that we shall carry the Company's name to new heights.

"In all the history of commercial enterprises, the Hudson's Bay Company has stood supreme for *esprit de corps*. The discipline and loyalty of the men of the Company have been comparable to the King's services. I would ask you to keep constantly before you the ideal of this living tradition. The Fur Trade is, by ancient custom, the silent service. Yet this year, with the awakening interest in the North, the Fur Trade has found itself 'on the front page' more than once. The visit of His Excellency the Governor General of Canada to Moose Factory in James Bay was an event of historic significance, and later, the arrival of the Italian armada at Cartwright on the Labrador coast was a significant event not only in Company history but in the history of aviation.

"To the apprentices who have recently entered the service I would like to say a word. Do your job from day to day to the best of your ability and neglect no opportunity to prepare yourself for the job just ahead. The records of the Company bear witness to the careers of fur traders who rose from apprenticeship to the top ranks by their capacity for doing the job on hand. While you are called fur traders, do not forget that your department's activities cover a wide range of commercial effort and in this range of commercial effort, and in this rapidly changing world, you must be ready for new and improved methods which will come in the years which are ahead.

"In a few words to the wives, I would remind them that they too are in a great tradition — the tradition of the pioneer home makers of that vast territory which is now fertile prairie. Those courageous women faced hardship but found contentment in the homes they created and the succeeding generations are taking their places in the Canadian communities today. Your menfolk are toiling for the Company, and in the home I am confident you are doing your part to bring success to their efforts. If sometimes you feel that your lives in the North are isolated, remember that we here are reminded daily of the acute distress and suffering in our cities.

"I regret that I cannot shake you by the hand tonight. I know your names and, through Mr. Parsons, I know your problems. Be assured of my constant thought and interest.

"And now let me wish you all success for this Outfit and the Outfits to come. In a few moments you are going to hear the Hudson's Bay Patrol played by the band of that very gallant regiment, Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry.

"And so I conclude with the assurance that, in spite of everything, we are succeeding, and I tell you again that in that spirit the old Company believes in you and counts on you.

"Good night, Gentlemen. Good luck to you all."

Hospital Inspection

With the Indian Agent

Skeena Crossing

Indians of Kitwanga

Down the Pacific

Welcome to Vancouver

Flight to Victoria

Welcome to Victoria

The Governor's Flag

Harrison Hot Springs

Mrs. Cooper Goes Shopping

Upper Left, with Mr. Watson in Victoria.
Upper Right, with Mr. Klein in Winnipeg.
Lower Left, with Mr. Stanfield in Calgary.
Lower Right, with Mr. Stone in Vancouver.

SIX PHOTOGRAPHS

by

MAX SAUER, JR.

This young photographer from Montreal, who went with the Nascopie to Churchill, has brought back a series of photographs which are equal to the finest that have ever come from the North. The Beaver will publish a series of his pictures and anticipates further photographs from future voyages into the North.

The Little Brown Men of the Arctic

Wolstenholme Post at the Entrance to Hudson Bay

Port Burwell Post on Hudson Strait

Supplies for Wolstenholme

Port Harrison Post Gets the Year's Supplies

Chocolate, Tea and Ham for Burwell

The Giant Mosquitoes

A Saulteaux Legend as Told by Chief William Berens of Berens River, Manitoba, with Adaptations by A. Irving Hallowell, Professor of Anthropology, University of Pennsylvania

LONG, long ago, according to Saulteaux belief, there were many large animals to be found in this country. They looked like those we see nowadays, but they were giant in size. Although most of these monsters have disappeared, now and then a big snake, an otter or a beaver is still to be seen. This is the story of what happened to giant mosquitoes.

In the old days these mosquitoes were man eaters. They hunted human beings with bows and arrows and set snares for them. Once there was a man walking through the bush. He saw the snare set by one of the giant mosquitoes.

"I'll lie down here and see what happens," he said to himself. So he stretched out on the ground beside the snare. Soon Mosquito came along.

"Aha! my 'moose'," said he, for this is what the mosquitoes called the human beings they hunted. "What has killed him? I must have a wonderful snare! Just to see it is enough to kill a 'moose'!" Then Mosquito tied the Indian up and threw him on his back. And off he went to his camp.

When Mosquito reached home he threw the man in his tent. Mosquito's wife knelt down and started to loosen the pack strap that tied the Indian. The man was frightened now. With half closed eyes he watched every move his captors made.

"You had better boil your kettle," said Mosquito. Now, as his wife turned away to look for her knife with which to skin the "carcass," the man jumped up and ran for his life.

"He!" laughed Mosquito. "I'll have to catch my 'moose' again." Snatching up his bow and some arrows, off he went after the Indian.

The man ran and ran. Mosquito gained on him. Finally the man climbed a spruce tree. Soon Mosquito caught up and fixed an arrow to his bow.

"No, no!" cried the man. "Don't shoot me. My blood will be wasted. You know how much you like it!"

"Yes, yes; that's right. My 'moose' is teaching me," said the mosquito. "But how am I going to get you then?"

"Climb up after me," said the man.

"Yes, yes." And the mosquito started to climb.

Then the man thought, "I once dreamed* of an ice chisel. I wish I had it in my hand now." No sooner had he said this than the chisel was between his fingers.

"Don't look up," he called to the mosquito, firmly grasping the chisel.

"All right. My 'moose' is teaching me." So the mosquito kept looking down as he climbed nearer to where the man was sitting. When he got close the Indian drove the chisel into Mosquito's head. The mosquito fell to the ground. But he wasn't killed. He managed to drag himself home with the chisel still in his skull.

Then he sent for Bull-Dog-Fly, who was the wisest medicine man in camp. Mosquito asked him what was the best thing to do.

"Well," said he "that's easy." So he took a mallet and drove the chisel through Mosquito's skull. It split in two and he was killed. At this everybody started to laugh.

"What shall we do now?" said someone.

"Hang up your kettles. Cook and eat him," said the Bull-Dog. So they did this.

But Mosquito's brother wasn't satisfied. He started out to trail the "moose." The man soon knew he was being followed. So he made for a lake. When he reached it, he hardly knew what to do, for he had no canoe.

"I once dreamed of a canoe," he thought. "I wish I might find one now." Sure enough, on looking around there was an old one lying on the shore. The mosquito was close to him now. He fitted an arrow to his bow.

"Don't shoot. You'll lose the blood," cried the Indian.

"What shall I do?" asked the mosquito.

"Follow me," said the man.

"All right then," replied the mosquito. "My 'moose' is teaching me!" So he jumped into the lake and swam after the canoe. The Indian paddled on and on, farther and farther out on the lake. The mosquito began to get weaker and weaker.

"I'll take you ashore," called the man. The mosquito could do nothing. He was almost frozen from being in the water so long. So the Indian paddled to the shore. There he made a fire—a big one—and laid the mosquito close to it. Soon he noticed that the skin of the mosquito's back was beginning to burn. But the mosquito did not move. He was too numb to feel anything. Finally he was roasted to death. Then the Indian took his knife, cut the mosquito into very small pieces, and threw these in all directions.

"After this you'll always be small," he said. "You were too large before. If the big ones kept on living in this country no human beings could live here."

So the little mosquitoes began to fly about. Although they still retain their blood-thirsty nature they are no longer the menace to human life that their giant ancestors were.

*In former times young men always were sent off into the woods at puberty for a period of fasting. At this time they acquired guardian spirits on whose aid they could rely throughout the remainder of their lives. The assistance rendered to the Indian in this legend implies the supernatural aid of his guardian spirits.

The Swallow and the Emily, Two Company Schooners, at Moose Factory in the Seventies. An example of the beautiful composition combined with technical accuracy which makes Mr. Cotter's photography so distinguished.

Chief Factor and Photographer

Extraordinary Results Secured Seventy Years Ago by Chief Factor James L. Cotter with the Primitive Wet Plate Method Described by H. M. S. Cotter, Manager Hudson's Bay Company Fur Purchasing Agency at The Pas

SEVENTY years ago the art of photography was still in an undeveloped state. The dry plate process as we know it today was not yet evolved. The kodak instantaneous shutter and celluloid film were unknown. The unwieldy cameras of that date, though beautifully made, were devoid of all those accessories that later came with the advent of the kodak, a circumstance which popularized photography overnight.

Photography in its early years was a pastime for the few as far as the amateur was concerned. For to be successful, apart from a knowledge of chemistry and the

Schooner Fox at Moose Factory, 1860

Moose Factory, 1868

Kayak Building

Moose Factory in the Sixties

action of light, one had to possess the requisite skill and patience in making the plates. The wet plate process of which I speak followed as a great improvement the old daguerreotype period, to be again superseded by the modern dry plate.

The ease by which pictures can be taken today is remarkable when compared to that of sixty or seventy years ago.

My father, the late Chief Factor James L. Cotter, was an amateur photographer. He was one of the first to introduce the art in the Hudson Bay region. This was in the early sixties. Mr. Horetzsky, the Company's accountant at Moose Factory, and Dr. Malloch, the surgeon, were also interested in photography about the same period. My father, however, was the very first to take photographs of the Eskimo of the Eastmain coast. He was doing this before the writer was born, but my late mother has told me that it was a great effort to secure these pictures of native life, especially winter scenes. First of all the plate had to be made, a collodion solution poured on chemically clean glass in the dark room. This, when partly set was rushed out to the scene of operation and exposed, and then rushed back to the dark room and developed. It was a long tedious process, with a hit or miss chance of a good picture as every plate made called for much time and patience and accuracy in the mixing of the chemicals, they were not exposed haphazard as is the vogue today. Instead every subject photographed was studied beforehand as to light before exposing the precious plate. My late mother, being an amateur artist herself both with pencil and brush, helped in choosing many of the pictures taken about Little Whale River, Fort George, Rupert's House and Moose Factory sixty odd years ago. The writer has in his possession a number of these old wet plate negatives and the detail is astonishing, taking into consideration the apparatus used. Today we travel by canoe or dog sled and click the shutter of the modern camera with the greatest ease at everything that comes along. Later on we get the finished pictures by mail. Not so in the budding days of photography, for the impedimenta to be carried on a long trip was both cumbersome and easily broken. Yet my father did secure some pictures on canoe trips, though the majority of his work was done about the posts and in close proximity to the dark room.

It should be mentioned that Messrs. Notman, the famous professional photographers of Montreal,

Davis Inlet Post Fifty Years Ago

Schooner Otter and the Sloop Plover Wintering at Moose Factory About 1870

became interested in father's photographic efforts and paid him the compliment by saying they had never seen such beautiful artistic work coming from an amateur.

His pictures, too, appeared in the *Illustrated London News* of the seventies, and several of the annual reports of the Geological Survey of Canada printed views from his negatives taken on the East-main coast.

In the group of Hudson's Bay Company commissioned officers (known in the Bay as the "Chamber of Horrors") which came out in 1879-1880, the portraits of several of the gentlemen shown were taken by my father. One of these notable souvenirs was at Rigolet and the writer well remembers the big supply sent to Moose from London. Those were the days of whiskers and good handwriting.

About 1880 father took up portrait photography. The local staffs and resident white people at the then isolated Bay posts apparently were keen on having what they were pleased to call in those days their "likeness" taken. The garb worn by these real old-time Hudson's Bay people was no doubt the general fashion of the day brought with the English accent from the Old Land, but some are dressed in most extraordinary clothes. Men did not have creases in their pants in those days, and the feminine gender apparently were encased in layers of petticoats.

About this time father, following the fashion of the times, had a raft of children (all brought up and nurtured on good Hudson's Bay Company grub), and it was his endless delight in photographing them. The writer, now sporting grey hair, recalls vividly the agony it was to be marshalled before the camera, his head clamped into an iron "rest," and told to look natural and pleasant.

Mrs. James L. Cotter at Moose, 1869

Moose Factory Seventy Years Ago

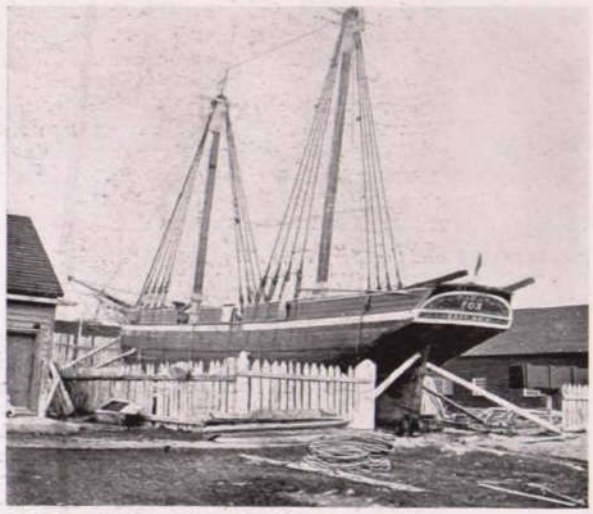
The pictures in his case were always failures and the performance invariably ended with a good box on the ear.

For successful portraiture it was essential to have some sort of studio. In this connection, and referring to the group of Hudson's Bay Company officials again, the following extract from a private letter from father to Mr. James A. Grahame, chief commissioner, may be quoted. He says in part: "Your son (James Ogden Grahame, who was in part responsible for the "Chamber of Horrors") has requested me to send him a photograph of myself, and he is likewise anxious to get portraits of other commissioned officers in the Bay. I am getting out a portrait lens from London next summer and thought of erecting a small house for the purpose of taking likenesses in, as they cannot be done well in the open air. The building would be merely weather boards on a frame. Would you consent to my putting it up with the Company's men. It would only be a few days' work, and I would gladly pay for the glass and other imported material used."

I doubt if there was such another building in all the Hudson's Bay territories of the time. In it father turned out many a fine piece of work. As lads we used to enter the building by crawling under the floor (which was not nailed down) and raising Cain with the apparatus.

What the writer remembers of these old photographic days is the meticulous care and patience father devoted to the work. Slipshod work of any nature was not in his character. He did his utmost to get good results at all times and went to no end of trouble. Mr. Alan Nicolson, now retired in Victoria, was accountant at Moose with father and was himself a very successful photographer, but he always admired the pictures and the skill displayed by my father. He made an intensive study of the art and possessed many books on the subject written by the leading photographers of the time, both in England and on the Continent.

Father was born in India, the son of Colonel Cotter, who in turn was connected with the famous East India Company. [*Continued on Page 66*



The Fox, Built at Moose, 1850

Staff Quarters, Moose, 1868

EDWARD ROBERT PEACOCK

Of the Committee of the Hudson's Bay Company

MR. PEACOCK *was born in Glengarry County, Canada, on the 2nd of August, 1871, was educated at Almonte, Ontario, and received the degree of M.A. from Queen's University, Kingston. From 1895 until 1902 he was English master and senior house master at Upper Canada College, Toronto. From 1902 to 1915 Mr. Peacock was with the Dominion Securities Corporation of Canada and London. He is now a director of the Bank of England and of Baring Brothers and Company. He is a trustee of the Rhodes Foundation, a lieutenant of the City of London and has been receiver-general of the Duchy of Cornwall since 1929. Mr. Peacock joined the Committee of the Hudson's Bay Company in July, 1931. The University of Oxford conferred upon him the honorary degree of D.C.L. in 1932. Mr. Peacock is married and has two daughters. Golf is his recreation, and he is a member of Brook's and the Beefsteak Club of London and the York Club, Toronto.*

The Weenusk

By E. E. BATES
Superior-Huron District

A FEW yards from my kitchen door there is a ditch covered with poles to drain off water from the clayey soil. Between the ends of the poles there are several holes just a few inches in diameter, and it was into one of these holes that the weenusk scuttled as I made my exit from the door one fine morning in July.

Returning into the house, I was able to watch his convenient shelter from the window, and presently I saw his little head bob up and look around. After a while he gradually emerged, his nose twitching constantly, and then he began to feed on the little weeds close to the hole.

A litt. over a foot long, he was very chubby, with short front legs and rather long hind ones like a rabbit; but he does not use them the same, going along in a waddle from side to side with stomach almost on the ground. His long front teeth and snub nose were also somewhat like a rabbits, but his little front paws were like hands, and he made good use of them. His pelt was more like hair than fur and of a brownish colour, rather red on the chest.

After eating the weeds close around him, he reached up on his hind legs and bent down the juicy stocks with his paws and stripped them of leaves with great speed. Several times he suddenly stopped eating, crossed his little hands on his chest and, with nose twitching, satisfied himself that there were no intruders before continuing his feast.

He was back in his hole again when I went out to interview him with my camera. But after waiting patiently for what seemed to be hours, during which time he repeatedly bobbed up and looked and sniffed suspiciously in my direction, he finally emerged once again, having decided, I suppose, that I was either immovable or else quite harmless. The photo being taken, movement was essential, and this was the cause of the weenusk once more disappearing from view.

He had apparently arrived for the summer, as I saw much of him in the following days. So I decided to get pally, and thereupon dubbed him "Willie Weenusk." I think, however, that he must have been an old fellow, for he did not much appreciate my friendship, and the most I could do was to poke weeds down the hole. Whereupon Willie's head would appear and pull them out of sight before devouring them. Needless to say, one of us soon got tired of this, so that my great delight thereafter was to surprise him whilst he was feeding away from the hole and watch him scuffle down into it. This was quite a job, as the hole was so small; but invariably after the dive up would pop his little head, as much as to say, "How's that for a circus trick."

Willie

A few days later I got between Willie and his place of refuge; but with great presence of mind he scuffled behind an old door which was leaning against the wall of the house. We remained on peace terms until I placed my foot at the entrance of his new retreat; then he let out a most unearthly and undignified scream and looked quite fierce with upper lip raised and bared front teeth. Well, thought I, if that is the way you treat your pals, Mr. Weenusk, then I've done with you, and immediately turned my back on him and re-entered the house.

I saw him several times after that and, although he shammed complete indifference, I was really ready to come to terms. However, I was not to get the chance of a reconciliation, for by this time I had noticed several stray dogs around, and they seemed to be thoroughly interested in something.

Now I am not going to accuse those poor dogs, and anyway Willie Weenusk had probably gone into the bush, but I will say that they looked mighty hungry, and—well, I ask you,—wouldn't you?

Fond du Lac

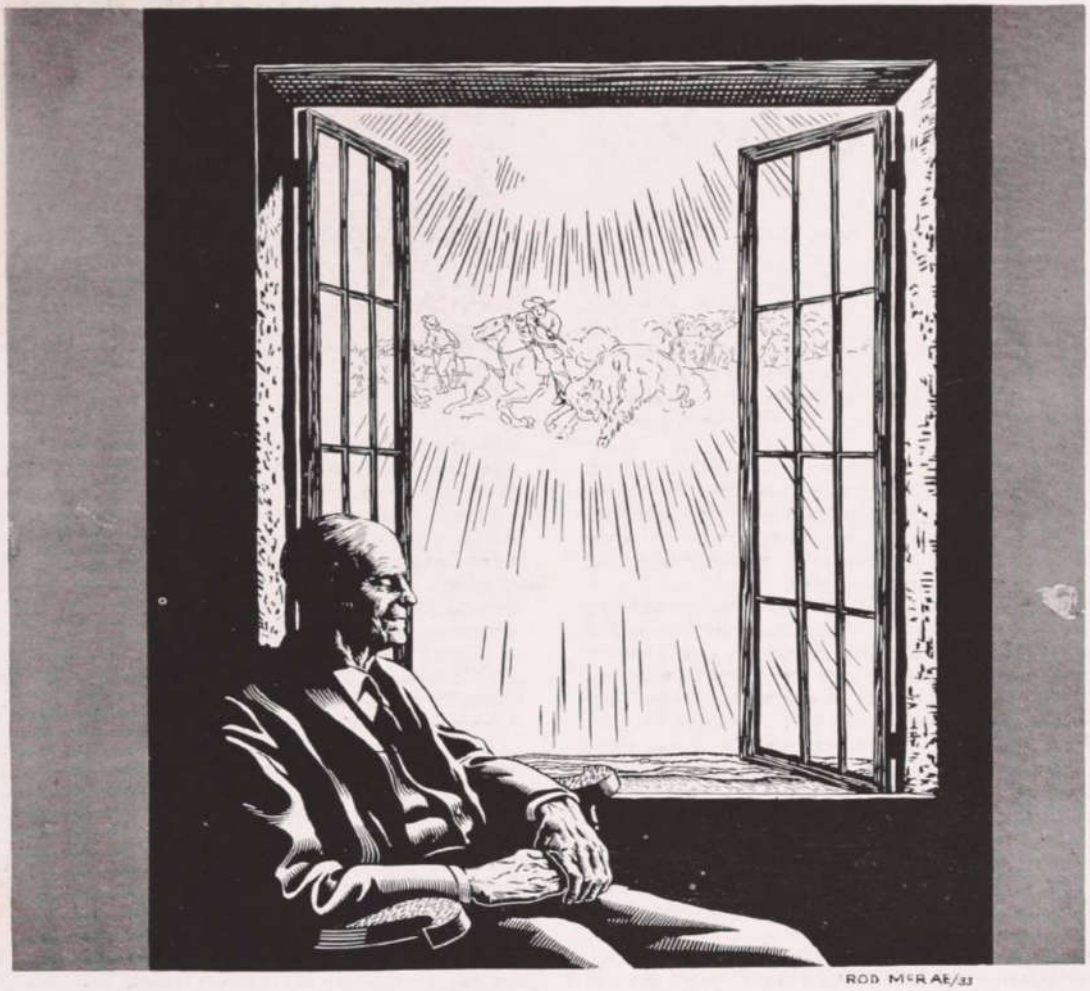
By JOHN C. MARTIN, Weyburn, Saskatchewan

When Fond du Lac is basking in the shimmering haze
Fond du Lac is lovely in the blue-and-gold days;
But Fond du Lac shivers in the forty below
When it's northland winter and the Arctic winds blow.

Life is teeming, exultant, in the forest and lakes
When the summer dusk passes and the long day breaks:
But when Boreas clutches through the soft snow's pall,
Fond du Lac in wintertime is fast held in thrall.

Missionary, Company man, trapper and Cree
Find joyous contentment when the waters run free;
But Fond du Lac has never been a place to linger
When the evergreen quivers 'neath the Frost King's finger.

In December's gray darkness, or in June's deep blue,
Fond du Lac is beautiful the whole year through;
But when Northern Lights crackle under Charles's Wain
Fond du Lac in winter longs for springtime again.



ROD McRAE/33

How the Tale Was Told

"Men Tell Tales and Smoke Riseth Upward—the Smoke Departeth and the Tale Is Told"—Mary Weekes, Who Has Recorded the Autobiography of Norbert Welsh, Buffalo Hunter, Describes How the Chronicle Was Written

"YOUR old trader, he was a half-breed?" Someone asked me the other day. They were referring to Norbert Welsh, whose autobiography I have written. The question had a contemptuous tinge. Half-breed! Mixed blood! It set me wondering what mixture of blood flushed the veins of my questioner—of any of us, if we chose to pursue the subject from a scientific angle.

Indian blood Norbert Welsh certainly had. So also had many of the distinguished men of the Hudson's Bay Company who ruled over a territory comprising most of the northern half of North America.

In Welsh's veins ran the blood of three proud races—French, Irish, Indian. He was the grandson of an Irish gentleman, Frank Walsh (the name Walsh, with the passage of time, becoming corrupted to Welsh), who came to Montreal Island in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company. Francois Welsh, his son, and the old trader's father, was sent by the Company from Montreal to the Fort Garry post. Here he traded from fort to fort across the plains and, in the interests of the Company, visited their posts in the distant North. When the terrible cold and exposure endured in his travels undermined his health, he was made post

master at Fort Garry, where, after some years, his health failing utterly, the Company gave him a strip of land three chains wide a few miles west on the Assiniboine river. It was from his mother Charlotte Sauve, herself the daughter of an important Hudson's Bay trader and a Swampee Cree mother, that Welsh inherited his Indian blood.

Yes, quarter-breed Norbert Welsh undoubtedly was, and proud of it. Often he spoke to me about the mother of his youth, of her nobility of character, and of the distinguished people of the Red River, including Archbishop Tache, whom she welcomed at her humble home. Yes, Archbishop Tache, that scholarly and aristocratic prelate who at the time of the vexatious Manitoba school question dictated terms relating to the settlement of it to the prime minister of Canada. Archbishop Tache, of whom it is written: "Sir John A. Macdonald admired Tache as one great and generous man can appreciate the strength and ability of his peer." Archbishop Tache, who desired to take the boy Norbert Welsh and have him educated under his own supervision in the finest schools of Montreal and Paris. Welsh at eighty-seven could only speak of his mother with tears streaming down his cheeks. Only a noble mother, whether white or red, could have bred such a son as Norbert Welsh, daring rider of the plains, honorable citizen and gentleman.

Welsh, who had roamed the plains and lived amongst savages from young manhood, possessed all the old-time courtesy that distinguished the servants of the Hudson's Bay Company, whether officers or men, from the far-off frozen seas to the wide sunny plains.

The old aristocrat was, I thought, as the weeks passed and we worked—he remembering, I recording—a great Irish gentleman. Honest and exact in his dealings, charming in his quaint way, anxious lest the frank telling of the primitive civilization he knew offend, and possessing more than a dash of humour. Witness, for example, his observation one day—we were then in the midst of the "depression," there was no work and people were daily going on the "dole:"

"Once all this country belonged to the Hudson's Bay. Then it was a great hunting territory. It should never have been turned into a farming country. Now the white people are like the Indians themselves—taking rations from the Government. The tables have turned, eh?"

A neat observation from a blind old man of eighty-seven whom most people thought out of touch with present social conditions; an old man who only sixty years ago knew the Indians as rulers of the plains, saw them make treaty, watched them become demeaned by charity, and later saw them redeem themselves by their own industry. Like all true sons of the Hudson's Bay, his loyalty to the Great Company was unwavering. It was enough if an article bore the Company's stamp.

I could perhaps have no greater reward for having written the story of Norbert Welsh—without doubt the last buffalo hunter of importance on the Canadian plains—than the letters which I receive daily from people in all parts of our Dominion bespeaking not only their interest in the old trader himself but in the colourful era in which he lived and which preceded civilization in Western Canada.

As I have already stated elsewhere in my introduction to the old voyageur's story, he confessed at our first meeting—when I asked him to tell me about the buffalo days—that he liked my voice, adding that if I would come the next day we would begin the story. Again the warm temperament of the Irish! What woman could resist such flattery! Then and there I came under the spell of the blind old trader's personality, and as long as we worked together I never completely escaped from it. Nor did I wish to.

Thus it was that, after I had written several chapters of the story, from my point of view I realized that, as the old buffalo hunter kept unfolding, spreading out to my view, the great drama of the old Northwest, my presentation of the story could never adequately express the romance of the Canadian plains. It must be told in the old trader's words, and without embellishment, else it would lack the colour and vigour which it must possess to survive.

When we began working on the story, or, as my old friend so often observed, "got ready for business," he seemed rather formal. I wondered at this reserve. I began questioning him in a general way about his first trading trips. Presently my pen was racing over the pages. I heard myself exclaiming, "Oh, did you, really!" and other equally feminine expressions. Instantly my old hunter's reserve melted.

"You like that, eh?" and, "Now, how is that?" were his frequent interjections as we sat in his little parlour on that first hot August day of our writing. Time (the present), the fine cities that now dot the once great buffalo plains, our waving wheat fields, the blind old man—all had vanished, and I was far away on the plains of the Indian country following the herds with a swift and mighty hunter.

One day soon after we began work, my old friend—for so he had become—laid his frail hand on mine and asked: "Do you want to know why I have never told this story to anyone before? Well, I tried to tell some of the people who came to write it—one was an American professor, another a Canadian—about buffalo hunting. Hah! Most of them knew more about it than I. I said to one man, 'Stop right there! I will not tell you a thing.' You see, some of these fellows had read reports written by people who had taken a run, you might say, through the Indian country. I've had their books read to me. They couldn't speak the language; they hadn't lived with savages; they hadn't chased buffalo; yet they knew everything, even how trading was carried on amongst the Indians. Did they know that a Red River brigade of a thousand carts, with maybe two thousand people, men, women and children, that started out on its yearly expedition over the prairies had to be conducted on military lines with a chief and ten or more captains in charge? Did they know that our lives were conducted in a Christian manner, that we generally had a priest with us, and that before each hunt our men fell into place, knelt on this great prairie and

repeated aloud an act of contrition to God before our chief called 'En avant!' and we were in a tumult of bellowing buffalo? Hah! A fellow had to have his wits about him in those days. Well, I wouldn't waste my time on these what you call 'clever' fellows. But you? You are different. You are willing to learn." How I blessed my ignorance!

It has amused me when people, with the kindest intentions possible, have written or told me that they themselves had meant to spend a few hours or days with Norbert Welsh to write his story. A few hours or days indeed! The writing of this story has not been for me exactly a labour of love, much as I enjoyed the magnetic personality of my old friend. It meant long nervous hours sitting quietly with a frail, sensitive, blind old man whom I was almost afraid to interrupt, once I had got his mind concentrated on a particular incident or experience. This was because we were working according to a definite plan which I had laid out. The old hunter had his material arranged in his mind in as near sequence of events as he could remember, and if I interrupted he would say: "There, I've lost my place." Work for that day was done. This meant that I had to discipline myself in the art of listening—a difficult task indeed, when there were so many exciting events to inquire into—and learn when it was safe to interrupt, and when it was not. In addition to working almost daily with my old friend for months, I drove approximately one hundred and forty miles every weekend for months thereafter, besides odd days in between. Sometimes when I got to his home, the old trader was too tired to work. Then, after working at such high tension, I went home to an exacting family, who complained: "Mother, how can you waste your time so!" It was indeed fagging.

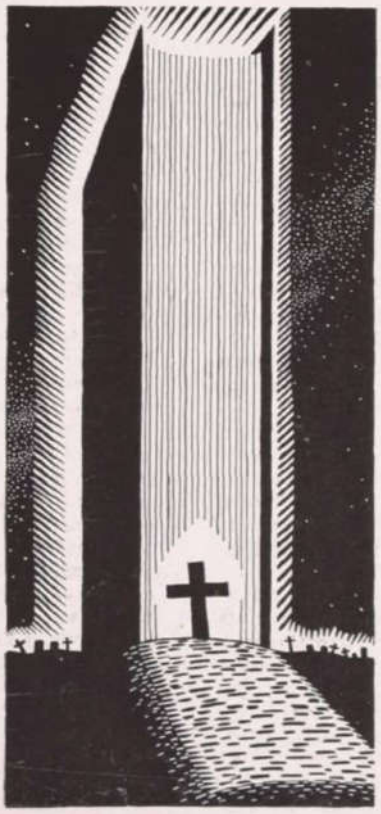
But my reward has been the gratitude (if I may be permitted to lapse into journalese) of my fellow citizens. I have answered letters; I have had my hair finger-waved to improve my looks; I have even risen from my bed to tell complete strangers that I was indeed the Mary Weekes of their home town who had written the buffalo saga.

One day my blind old friend said: "Come here. I want to see what you look like." He stood up, ran his hands over my face twice, then said: "Thank you. Now I know what you look like."

Every day, before we began work, I told my old trader what I was wearing. Sometimes he would feel the quality of the cloth in my dress and comment upon its value, comparing it to the trading goods of the old days. I wore all my gayest and best clothes for his approval. My hats he held in his hands to feel their shapes. He was interested in everything that was going on. He was well informed on political affairs. And why shouldn't he be? In his day, as leader of a strong section of metis people, he had made premiers. Even the League of Nations came in for a share of his praise or condemnation. Premier Anderson, of Saskatchewan, he grieved, was the first premier of the province who had not called on him. This was, I told him, because our premier was so busy distributing rations to the white people upon whom the Indians had turned the tables. This seemed to please him. And shortly after when a most cordial letter arrived from the premier in answer to some request the proud old man was happy.

I like to remember that this kindly old man had an interest in me and liked me. I had to keep him informed about my car—how fast it would travel and how much gasoline it took to run it. I enjoyed taking little luxuries to him. Always I asked him first what he desired, but he would never say. One day I found out, indirectly, that he had a longing for dried fruits, especially black figs such as he used to buy from the Hudson's Bay Company for trading.

I spent days looking through grocery stores for this particular variety. At last I came across some. My old friend's delight was unbounded. Yes, they were exactly like those he used to buy at Fort Garry! These were the first he had tasted since his trading days.



After weeks of work, and I myself began to feel the strain of writing the story, I prescribed nightcaps of hot toddy for my now companion in perilous buffalo hunts, promising to bring the "medicine." Now, I have never gone into a liquor store—I feel that this is essentially a man's privilege—and my husband is that kind of teetotaller who would surely believe that my morals were low if I asked him to buy a "bottle." I therefore persuaded an old friend to make an occasional trip to the liquor store for me. I suppose that this loyal old friend considers me an epicure (although since the old trader's death I have stopped drinking) for my favourite brand of rum was "Old Hudson's Bay." No other brand, I knew, would please my old trader.

There has been some criticism—trifling certainly—of the accuracy of Welsh's story. I have asked Mr. E. C. Stewart, an authority on the history of the Canadian West and a former official in the department of Indian affairs in the old Northwest Territories, who knew Welsh for fifty years, [*Continued on Page 66*

Tea and Dog Meat

A Moose Hunting Incident by Charles Clay, Winnipeg

WHEN one goes on a moose hunt in Northern Manitoba, it is customary to start out with only sufficient food to last until a kill can be made. At that point, theoretically, the grub box can be easily and abundantly replenished. Sometimes, however, it happens that the intended victims prove too wary for the hunter, or the weather turns bad, or one of the many possible mishaps of northern tripping overtakes the unlucky traveller. Then tragedy stalks the stalker.

The Author with His Dog Pesew

It was during the month of January. Several light and fluffy snows had fallen. It was ideal for trailing herds of game animals, and when word drifted by moccasin telegraph into the settlement at Nelson House where I was that there were many signs of moose about forty miles up country, I jumped at an invitation to go hunting.

With an Indian companion I left the settlement long before daybreak one bitterly cold morning. Because the dog sleigh was not loaded heavily we made good time, and by dint of several hours' running managed to camp within a few miles of where the game had been reported.

The weather during the day had moderated a little, for there had been no wind. But that night my Indian companion peered several times at the stars, somewhat anxiously I thought; and when I asked him what was the matter, he said, "Much twinkly, the stars; maybe big wind soon." That was portentous enough, for the light fluffy blanket of snow lying over the country would make the very best of blizzards in a blow.

However, the hot meal of bacon and bannock and tea after the long day's travel, the snugness of our camp, the profound quiet of the surrounding forest, soon lulled all my fears. We spread out our beds, and in a short while we were both fast asleep, the Indian in his rabbit skin robe and I in my H B C four point blankets on a mat of spruce boughs.

In the morning we broke camp early, and in a couple of hours reached the moose country. Sure enough, the spoor was thick. We unharnessed the dogs and tethered them in a spruce grove; and donning big moose hunting snowshoes, which are three feet wide at their middles and six feet from end to end, we started off on a likely looking track.

Before the forenoon was half gone a light breeze sprang up, but we had no difficulty in following what, from the visible trails, was a herd of about eight moose. We gained quickly on them.

Suddenly we topped a rise in a thinly wooded area, and there below us, in a little valley, the moose were busy foraging. They saw us almost the instant we saw them, and with a snort they turned about, dashed over a little knoll and disappeared into the trees, reappearing a moment later on the ice of a lake beyond the knoll and loping for the far shore about two miles off.

The Indian, who was quicker than I, jerked off his mitt and sent two rapid shots after them. But they had no effect, for the moose, nine of them, sped quickly over the ice until they soon became small specks in the distance.

I swore roundly at our failure, but the Indian only grunted philosophically. We retraced our steps to the camp, which we reached just at nightfall. By this time it was blowing quite heavily, and the snow was beginning to fly high. Huddling over the fire, we ate supper and, though it was a good one, we both gazed woefully at the grub box when we were finished—it contained a small bag of tea and a little salt; that was all.

Before he turned in the Indian took several lengths of string and disappeared into the bush—to set rabbit snares, I knew; but how, in the dark and snow, I could not guess. He returned apparently satisfied, and went to bed.

The next morning I awoke, half buried in the snow that had blown on us during the night, to find a brisk fire going and a billy of hot tea waiting—but no rabbits. My companion calmly informed me there was nothing in his snares. The situation now seemed threatening. [*Continued on Page 66*

To the Big Bazaar

They're Off

Hurry Up

THIS EXCITING

Deliver the Goods

The Colours to the Mast

The Early Bird . . . .

Staff Entrance

For Dancing Feet

Furniture Restored

Nine o'Clock Bargains

Printed Words

BUSINESS OF S

Management

Demonstration

Snacks

Draperies

A Sale is Completed

"My Husband Prefers . . ."

Pearls from the South Sea

Wheels of Industry

Telephone Orders

Optical

SELLING IN THE

Beef

For a Well Dressed Man

The Final Accounting

Fur Traders

Tea for Two

Basement Service

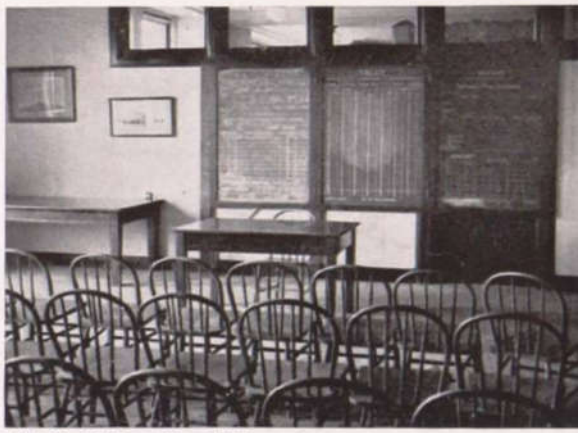
First Aid

Week End Fiction

BIG BAZAARS

A Toiler in the Night

Satisfied Customers



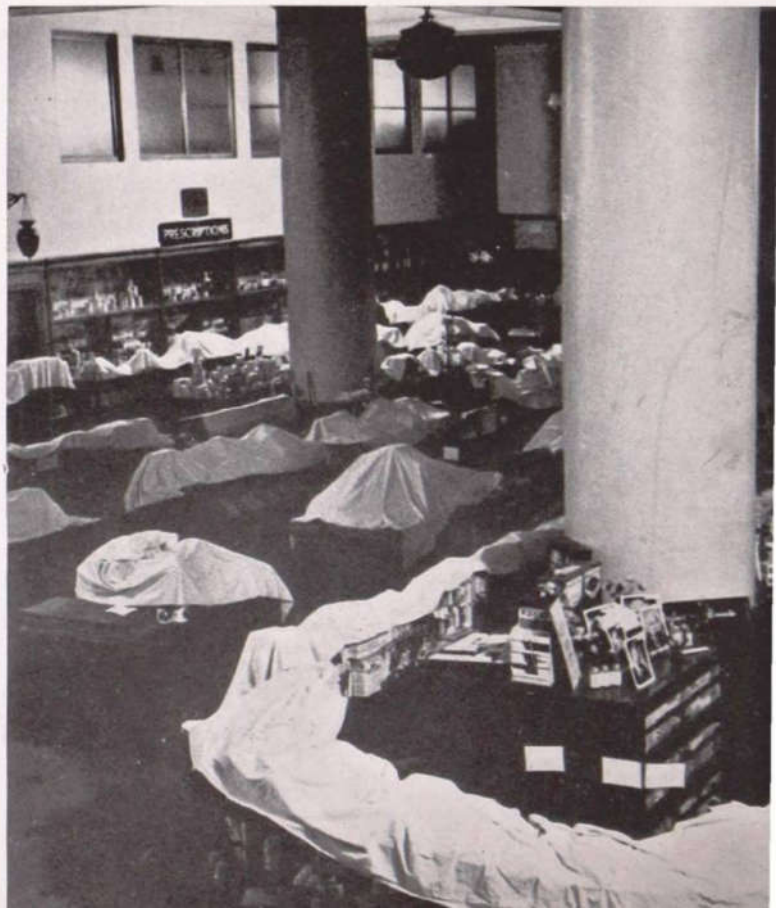
A B C of Selling Taught Here

The Daily Sweep

Goods Received

How's Your Credit

The Tragedy of Waste



Russian Fur Business

By A. E. S. MILLER-STIRLING
London, England

The Soviets Produce Forty Percent of the World's Fur—A Survey of Russia's Position in the Fur Trade

AS a fur producing country Russia has always enjoyed considerable fame, for some of the skins found there are without equal in other countries. Speaking broadly, while Canada can be said to produce the finest water animal furs, Russia accounts for the finest dry land animal furs; in addition to which she is the greatest producer of furs, it being generally estimated that forty percent of the world's production comes from the vast territories of the U.S.S.R.

To make a comparison of the Russian fur trade of pre-war days with today would be well-nigh impossible, as no reliable statistics existed previously. But the general lines upon which the business was done were that merchants from all over the world —though mainly from Germany—journeyed into Siberia during the early part of the year and made extensive purchases at the Irbit fair and elsewhere for export to their respective markets. The turnover at Irbit in 1913 was estimated at 7,435,000 roubles, or nearly three quarters of a million sterling. The fair at Nijni-Novgorod in August was another big attraction, and in addition to this German houses had their buyers operating in Buchara during the period from May to September on account of the big Persian lamb business there. Foreign merchants were perfectly free to travel where they liked, and such bogeys as exchange restrictions, import quotas and export licenses which we have nowadays in most countries did not exist. Besides this Russian merchants used to bring their goods to Leipzig for sale at the Easter fair and then cover their considerable requirements of furs of non-Russian origin, such as musquash, opossum, skunk, mink and so on, for the furriery business in Russia; indeed the few high-priced silver foxes available in those days found their way to Russia. The bulk of these goods was dressed and dyed in Leipzig, as no furs, with the exception of white hare and squirrel, were dressed in Russia.

The war then came and seriously dislocated the normal channels of Russian business with Germany. But a London house (Messrs. A. & W. Nesbitt Limited, since gone out of business in 1920) had made contacts in Moscow in 1910, and six years later their turn-over in Russian goods reached a peak figure of one million pounds, thus compensating to some extent the closure of the German market as the Russian source of outlet. It is probably no exaggeration to say that of all the countries engaged in the war no country was so completely cut off from the rest of the world as Russia. It is this factor which has probably done more than anything else to make the Russian of today so nationally minded from the economic aspect; he feels that the war showed how entirely dependent his country was on the rest of Europe and he is determined to guard against this in the future.

After the war Russia was in a state of chaos, and it was not till about 1919 that the government began through co-operative organizations to devote some attention to the fur trade and to realize its value to the state as an export in order to pay for imports which were badly needed. Figures of exports were not immediately available after the revolution, but they were given as £3,000,000 for 1923 and £2,400,000 for 1924 to the London market alone. In the succeeding years they were stated to be for all markets as follows: 1926, £8,600,000; 1927, £12,000,000; 1928, £11,000,000; 1929, £10,600,000; 1930, £7,700,000; 1931, £7,000,000; 1932, £6,575,000.

For the year 1932 we find that Great Britain imported furs from the U.S.S.R. to the value of £1,646,512, which is some twenty-five percent of the total. Germany is probably a larger customer of the U.S.S.R., and the U.S.A. have also increased their purchases recently. The Soviet official export figures for 1932 are as follows:

Exports Raw Furs, U.S.S.R., 1932

	Number of Skins	Value in Roubles
Squirrel	5,824,409	4,392,000
Lamb, Persian	384,980	3,377,000
Fitch	1,469,939	3,197,000
Fox, red	295,880	2,546,000
Fox, white and blue	75,540	2,162,000
Pony	255,849	1,011,000
Merluska	307,493	783,000
Sable	12,000	628,000
Marten	28,931	527,000
Hare, white and rusak	1,290,243	469,000
Kolinsky	181,735	391,000
Marmot	292,409	335,000
Cat	477,116	235,000
Badger	80,339	234,000
Wolf	18,537	166,000
Susliki	87,992	162,000
Dog	78,192	155,000
Lynx	10,866	143,000
Mink	26,162	114,000
Broadtail	11,918	101,000
Susliki-Peschaniki	332,240	98,000
Kit Fox	15,647	71,000
Smushka	17,000	67,000
Weasel	147,360	48,000
Sundry Furs	422,647 kilos	705,000

Exports Dressed Furs, U.S.S.R., 1932

	Number of Skins	Value in Roubles
Squirrel Plates	194,396	3,645,000
Persian Lamb	285,485	2,267,000
Squirrels	2,415,480	1,854,000
Hare	1,966,071	1,097,000
Broadtail	150	2,000
Sundry Furs	978,665 kilos	6,175,000

Exports Dressed and Dyed Furs, U.S.S.R., 1932

Sundry Furs	138,532	2,594,000

The sorting in Russia is improving; though according to the standard of the Hudson's Bay Company it leaves much to be desired, except for squirrel and ermine, where it is excellent. The most important article of export is probably the squirrel, and the rule is that the further east you go the darker the colour. While Canadian or European squirrels are brown or reddish-brown, the Siberian variety are grey, and the bulk of them are now exported in a finished condition, *i.e.*, dressed and often sewn up into sacks. The total production is estimated at about twelve million, of which some fifty percent come from Siberia. White and blue foxes are found in the far north parts of Russia and Siberia and Nova Zembla. It is when we come to red foxes that we find thirty-nine different categories as far as districts of origin are concerned, and an estimate of production is: North Russia, 50,000; Central Russia, 100,000; South Russia, 100,000; West Siberia, 35,000; Central Siberia, 40,000; East Siberia, 50,000; total, 375,000.

White fitch is an article in which Russia has a monopoly, and the production figure is given at 650,000, while that in Siberia is about 400,000. Black fitch are found mostly in Western and Central Russia and in the Ukraine. Baum and stone marten are also found in Russia, while kolinsky is also a good going article with a production figure of some 400,000. Closely related to the kolinsky is the solongoi, which comes principally from the Altai mountains and Eastern Siberia. One of the finest skins found in the U.S.S.R. is the ermine, with an estimated production of some 600,000, the bulk of which comes from Siberia. They are of better quality than the Canadian species and are mainly used in the natural colour. But the finest fur is of course the sable from Siberia. The Russians have eighteen separate districts after which the production of 18,000 skins is named, and the export of live stock is naturally strictly forbidden. There is a sable farm at Pushkino near Moscow, and it is said to be giving satisfactory results, as is also another in Siberia. In 1912 the duma of the old imperial government took such a serious view of the decrease in the sable catch, then estimated at 20,000 skins per annum, that a law was passed declaring a total prohibition of trapping in certain parts of Siberia and a closed season from February to October in others.

So far we have mentioned more or less fine furs. We shall now turn to the staple articles, amongst which the marmot occupies a leading place. No figures are available for production, but it is thought to run into millions. The pestchanik is closely akin and is commonly used for imitation mink. It is suspected from time to time that the marmot is a conveyor of plague, and export has accordingly been subject to ups and downs. Pony skins are also a big line from many parts, though principally from Western Russia. Persian lambs come from Buchara and Turkestan and form a special branch of the trade, together with their offshoots such as broadtails, salzfelle, galyaks and astrachans, commonly called "merlooshka." Production figures of Persian lambs are not very certain, but it is commonly stated that one and a quarter million skins would be about the mark. Besides these there are other lamb skins from the Crimea and South Russia known as "smooshka."

The rapid growth of the dressing and dyeing industry in the U.S.S.R. has been remarkable, and the quality of the work done has greatly improved. In the case of squirrels, they turn out excellent work at rates with which other countries cannot compete, and their policy has often been to refuse to sell raw goods unless the buyer agrees to take a big proportion of finished goods as well. In the case of Persian lamb skins, the dressing and dyeing still leaves much to be desired compared with the Leipzig product—the skin seems to be hard and thicker in the leather and the black colour is not the same—consequently Russian dressed and dyed skins fetch a lower price than the Leipzig article and they frequently require to be redone in Germany. Even then they do not come up to the real high-class work for which the world famous Leipzig establishments like Thorer & Co., Lindner & Co., F. L. Mertens A.G., and others are well known.

The growth of the Russian export of dressed and dyed goods is worthy of comment, as the following figures show: In 1920 ten percent of exports were dressed; in 1932 forty-five percent of exports were dressed and dyed.

Readers will like to know how the U.S.S.R. sets about its commercial operations in furs with the outer world for, as all trade in the territory is under state control, the ordinary merchant cannot walk into Russia and do a deal. After the war the export trade in furs was carried on by two co-operative organizations called "Centrosojuz" and "Selosojuz;" then Arcos Limited appeared on the scene as a trading concern and controlled the business entirely until 1929, when a separate concern called "Pushnosindikat" was formed. Out of this has evolved in 1931 a new body under the name of "Sojuzpushnina," meaning "Fur Union." The fur trade of the U.S.S.R. is run now by this state owned trust, and the whole of the export trade is regulated by the central bureau in Moscow, there being trade delegations of the U.S.S.R. in most European capitals besides in New York. The offices of Sojuzpushnina Limited, as it is registered in the United Kingdom, were moved early in 1933 to Beaver House and are approached from the entrance in Sugar Loaf Court. They also have several sections of the warehouse and cold store for goods, part of which is a bonded warehouse for sale of dressed and dyed goods which would otherwise be subject to British import duties. Merchants can purchase in London ex warehouse just as from any-

one else, but if they wish to enter into a contract the matter becomes more involved and the question of advances crops up.

Let us take the case of a merchant wishing to enter into a contract over a year for the supply of £100,000 worth of Persian lamb skins, squirrel and red foxes. Having arrived at an understanding as to exactly what goods he wants and can be supplied with either in London or out in Moscow, he is then required to make a cash advance of probably £25,-000 against bills of six, nine or even twelve months on signing the contract. Then as his goods come forward he is presented with invoices, seventy-five to eighty-five per cent of the value of which he must pay before he obtains delivery, the balance payable after sale of the goods. After delivery is made complaints can be raised and claims adjusted. But in making a contract for certain articles he requires the merchant may find himself obliged by the Russians to accept a proportion of other goods as well which he does not really want.

The first "come-back" into world fur trade actually staged by the Soviets themselves was the holding of auctions of Russian furs in Leipzig. The Lagerhaus Rauchwaren A.G. entered into an arrangement with the government of the U.S.S.R. and the first sale was held in 1924. Not content with this the Russians aimed higher, and the first auction sale took place in Leningrad in August, 1931. Foreigners were attracted there by the novelty of the venture, and considerable propaganda was put over by "Intourist," whom we might term as the "State Thomas Cooks" of the U.S.S.R., to combine business with sightseeing and pleasure. The offerings of furs are considerable, and "Sojuzpushnina" reports that furs to the value of 2,500,-000 roubles were sold at the last sale in March, 1933, the goods being bought by the following countries: Great Britain, 27.4 percent; Germany, 25 per cent; U.S.A., 15.8 percent; France, 13.8 percent; others, 18 per cent.

A word before closing this article as to fur farming activities may be fitting. There is undoubtedly progress to report, but no one knows with any degree of accuracy just what is being achieved. Reports appear in the press from time to time of new chains of farms being established, the most recent of which was the rabbit industry. Visitors have been shown model fur farms around Moscow, but it is bound to be some time before the pelting stage on a commercial scale can be reached. Mr. Belinki, president of Sojuzpushnina, at a banquet preceding the fourth auction in Leningrad in March, 1933, announced that the U.S.S.R. had one hundred and sixty fur farms now as opposed to three at the beginning of the Five-Year Plan in 1928.

Fond du Lac, Saskatchewan (Photo R.C.A.F.)

The Archives of the Hudson's Bay Company

By R. H. G. LEVESON GOWER
Archivist of the Company

An Outline of the Work Accomplished in London Since 1924 of Assembling These Priceless Records Which Are the Source Material of Western Canadian History

SINCE the incorporation of the Company in 1670 there has been, during the intervening period of two hundred and sixty-three years, a constant inflow of books, documents, etc., relating to the Company's various administrations in North America and these, in conjunction with the volumes, etc., accumulated in London through the ages, formed the enormous mass of archival material which prior to 1924 lay stored in packing cases in the vaults of the Company's warehouse at Lime Street, London, E.C.

Officers' and Servants' Ledger No. 57 (1837-62)

In 1920 Sir William Schooling was engaged to write a brochure commemorating the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the Company's incorporation, and on the completion of that work he was commissioned to write an official history of the Company, the title of which was changed later to the "Annals" of the Hudson's Bay Company.

In this connection it was realized that there was latent in the Lime Street vaults a vast accumulation of material and, in view of the proposed publication of the history of the Company, steps were taken to prepare a preliminary catalogue which, although not in great detail, was a great advance on the incomplete manuscript lists previously maintained. It was also decided to house the archives in some form which would facilitate reference.

On the removal of the Company's fur trade offices to Garlick Hill in 1924 separate accommodation was provided for the archives, and there they were stored for the next three years, during which considerable progress was made, for the purpose of Sir William Schooling's "Annals," in making extracts from the early minute books, post journals, correspondence books, etc., and in preparing an index to these extracts.

The scheme for publishing the annals, however, was not proceeded with, and in 1927, on the completion of the new Hudson's Bay House in Bishopsgate, the archives were removed from Garlick Hill to the top floor of the new building, where there was considerably more space available than had hitherto been provided. This enabled more rapid progress to be made in opening and arranging the archives received from the various posts, etc., in Canada.

In the spring of 1928 the Board decided to publish some of the most interesting journals and other documents relative to the period of Sir George Simpson, and for the next three years the services of the archives staff were concentrated on the collection and preparation of material to that end. This entailed a more detailed examination and arrangement of the archives, especially those relating to the period 1821-1860, than had previously been undertaken.

On the appointment of the present Governor, Mr. P. Ashley Cooper, and the reconstitution of the Board in 1931, the importance of providing adequate and suitable permanent accommodation for the archives was given special consideration, and in April 1932 their removal to the present location on the lower ground floor of Hudson's Bay House was ordered. Professor R. Coupland, of Oxford University, was invited to inspect the Company's archives with a view to suggesting the best means of classifying them and rendering them available to students, and at his suggestion Mr. C. Hilary Jenkinson, F.S.A., one of the deputy keepers of the Public Record office, also inspected

them. In accordance with recommendations embodied in their subsequent reports, special steel shelving was installed in replacement of the temporary wooden cases previously used and various additional precautionary measures were introduced to safeguard the archives from damage by fire or water.

Since the completion of the new housing arrangements, the following have been prepared: (*a*) Diagrams indicating the general layout and the position of the various shelves; (*b*) inventories containing as complete a list as possible of the contents of each shelf and of the various classes of archives; (*c*) card index to the contents of the inventories.

The Essence of History

The following general principles in connection with the classification of the archives have also been adopted:

The whole of the archives prior to 1870 will comprise five sections as under, each section being divided into classes, these classes being again subdivided into pieces (each piece consists of a volume, file, box, bundle or parcel). In the case of Section B referred to below, however, it is the intention to form an additional subdivision so that the various types of volumes or documents belonging to the Company's posts and administrations in North America may be more readily identified. The documents relating to the period since 1870 will be dealt with on a similar basis in due course.

Section A — Will consist of the London office records, and will be divided into eighty-six classes; *e.g.*, Class No. 1 will consist of the minute books of the Governor and Committee and comprise one hundred and forty-three pieces or volumes covering the period 1671-1870.

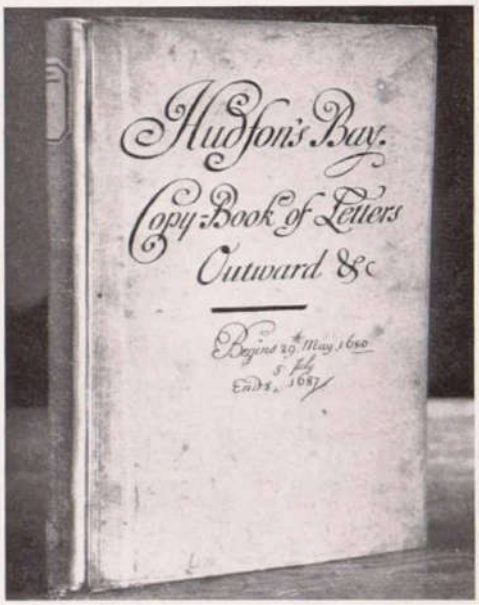
Section B—Will consist of records pertaining to the various administrations of the Hudson's Bay Company in North America, and will be divided into about three hundred and fifty classes, these to be again subdivided into twenty-three divisions.

R. H. G. Leveson Gower, on the right, and Professor Arthur S. Morton, of the Department of History, University of Saskatchewan, in the Archives Room, Hudson's Bay House, London

A Section of the Archives Room, London, Showing the Shelving and Arrangement of the Hudson's Bay Company Records

The system to be pursued with regard to the classification of the volumes, documents, etc., contained in this section is briefly as follows: An entire class will be allocated to the records of each separate Hudson's Bay Company post or administration, and these classes will be subdivided into the various types of books and documents of which they consist. It will thus be possible, if required, to readily assemble all the journals, account books, correspondence books, etc., of a number of posts, since all books of one type will bear the same letter of subdivision; *e.g.*, "A" post journals, "B" correspondence books, "C" account books.

Section C—Will consist of records pertaining to ships and will be divided into eight classes; *e.g.*, ships' logs will form one class. All logs will be arranged alphabetically under the name of the ship to which each refers and chronologically under the names of the several ships.



First London Correspondence Book (Outward, 1680-87)

Section D—Will be designated "Special Section of Records" and will consist of sixteen classes including those records of the Hudson's Bay Company which cannot properly be allocated to Section B (reserved exclusively for the records of posts and administrations) or to either of the other two sections. Classes of records which it is proposed to place in Section D are as under:

Journals of exploration by members of the Hudson's Bay Company staff.

Records of the Red River colony.

Records appertaining to the Riel Rebellion.

Miscellaneous papers relating to a variety of persons and subjects.

[*Continued on Page 64*

Old-Time Trading

Primitive Barter at Thule, North Greenland, Described by the Author of "Eskimo"

By
PETER FREUCHEN

Captain Peter Freuchen, trader, explorer and author, whose novel "Eskimo" has been made into a motion picture by Metro Goldwyn Mayer. Captain Freuchen, by reason of his Arctic travel, is a national figure in his native Denmark. He was second in command of the Rasmussen expedition which crossed Arctic America ten years ago and is well known among the Company's men in the Eastern Arctic. He is an adviser to Pan-American Airways and recently spent fourteen months on the Alaska coast during the filming of "Eskimo."

AT the time of studying the history of the Hudson's Bay Company, I was most interested in learning how the old-time trading took place as done from the first days of the "Company of Adventurers." The idea of inviting Indians down to the forts with their furs and accepting from the chief the output of the whole tribe as a gift and in return giving him as gifts what was thought a square recompense calls, of course, for gentlemen. Maybe time has lowered the standard on both sides. Of course I don't dare to say that, but I am sure that in our day it wouldn't do.

But, as I am maybe the only living man who traded along these lines in my day, it may be of some interest to hear a little about it.

Together with the well known Danish doctor, Knud Rasmussen, I started a trading station at Thule, North Greenland, in 1910. This was the only place in the world where the Smith Sound Eskimos were entirely without knowledge of trading. Their main sources for any other white man's goods were for years the Scottish whalers who came there every spring and gave them what little they thought they could spare for the fur and narwhal tusks brought on board by the Eskimos. This trading always took place at Cape York in the northern part of Melville Bay.

Later on, the great American explorer, Robert Peary, came to the place and, as the whole tribe just consisted of some two hundred people, he became a provider of American goods for all of them, giving them guns, tools and other goods in return for their services on his many expeditions. He did not care much for fur; neither did the natives have much time for trapping when he was using them on his expeditions.

But, as I said above, we put up our trading post in 1910. The natives were producing quite a number of fox skins, most of them blue foxes, for we usually get only a couple of white ones in about a hundred blue skins. To start in trading with an entirely new tribe is always an experience, and, as our stock was limited, the natives felt sorry for us when we were departing with our goods. They always came as my guests, stayed in my house, and the regular trading was done in the following way:

Each man trades just once, or maybe twice, a year. The first time is when the ice has formed and the fall foxes are caught in sufficient numbers to make a good showing. A man always brought his wife and all his children, as this was a great event for the year. It is dark during the four months from October 19th to February 24th, and when the sledge comes out of the darkness all the inhabitants of the village gather around, and lots of ceremonies are gone through to show how glad the visitors are to be there and for the inhabitants to tell them how welcome they are. They come into my house, after the dogs are looked after and everything taken care of, and get something to eat. My boiled meat is followed by tea with sugar, and it is a big feast for everybody. It must be understood that all the villagers come in too, listening, talking and telling.

We discuss the weather, the hunting in the summer, the dogs, the scandals of different places, and other events. The only matter we don't touch is foxes. Next day the same thing—eating, dancing, talking—and the next day and the next, until I

for my part think that the hospitality has come to an end. Then I just casually ask the man whether he had caught any foxes this year.

"Me, foxes?" he answers. "Nothing doing. One is a poor hunter as far as that goes, but especially for foxes."

"Well," I say, "I'm sorry, because I'd like to have a few foxes just to send home to the white people's country when the ship arrives next summer, and I shall like to have a few absolutely first class ones; and I know that in that case I will have to see you to get the very best grade."

"Oh!" the man yells out. Finally it happened that the big, nice, white man made a mistake. "Oh, he don't know how unable I am to catch foxes. And what about it? Even if I had a few skins in my possession, what do you think my awful, lazy and dirty wife would do with them? She can't tan skins. In fact she can't do anything."

The wife sits listening, but doesn't protest.

"Well," I remark, "I saw a couple of bags out on the load which is now on the meat racks, and I thought they contained fox skins."

"Well," the man says, "maybe there's a couple of fox skins in the bags, but we just use them to wipe the grease off our hands and other dirty things; and anyway they are full of oil and far below such skins as your eyes should be bothered with looking at."

"Good!" I say. "But just the same I may like to have some of them. What about looking at them tomorrow?"

We arrange that, and the man keeps on for half an hour complaining that tomorrow will be his day of shame and dishonour. "Oh, why did I bring those lousy skins with me! Oh, why couldn't I get a real able wife to work like you, and you" (he points to everybody present). "Now I know that I have seen this place the last time, because after the laugh that will be made over me tomorrow I will never show up again, even if I am tough enough to survive it, which I doubt."

Next day comes, and after breakfast I again have to encourage the customer to show his merchandise. Groaning and lamenting, he goes for his bags, the wife following him. Now comes the big moment of the year. They bring in a couple of sacks, each containing some fifty blue fox skins, and they have beforehand assured themselves that the whole village is present to witness their triumph. As if they were being dragged to the gallows, they open the sacks and pour the contents out. Now it is my turn. I look at the skins amazed, surprised and beaten.

"Well," I say, "as usual, those are the best skins in the year. I knew they would come from you; and they certainly did. Here is something I will have to mourn about for years, because I am unable to get those foxes."

The man raises his head, interested. "What does he say? Are they too poor for you to accept?"

"Oh, no; not at all. Just the opposite. You will have to take every one of your skins back with you because I have nothing to pay with. The trading goods that came out this year was especially bad. We haven't got enough of it, and it certainly isn't of a kind that can pay for such skins as yours."

"Pay!" yells the man at the top of his voice. "You don't think that I would show myself low enough to take any pay for those poor skins. I will feel myself happy if you'll accept them. Oh! Pay! My ears must be thick or my mind is turned crazy, because the sound I got in my head made it seem as though it was your intention to pay something for those terrible skins."

This takes some time, but finally I put in a question. "I am unable to pay for the skins but anxious to show my gratitude through my poor gifts. What could he think of wanting in case I would show myself fresh enough to compare my unworthy goods with his valuable furs." He starts in, talking to himself, trying to remember; but it is impossible for him. "What I want! What I want! Oh, I am a man without wishes. I don't know if I want anything."

It is then up to me. "Don't you want a gun?"

"A gun! A gun! Oh, a gun had been in my mind and in my dreams for long, long time; but I, as the man you listen at now, am a terrible hunter. Why should I have a gun?"

"Well, I will give you a gun. You need a knife, too, and you need some tools. And what more?"

Now that the big time is here he doesn't know what he wants. But I got the skins, so I invite the man, his wife and his children to go in the store and look the things over. They get the key and go down to the store. They go in, closing the door carefully behind them, and spend the best day in the year going through everything. There isn't one gun that isn't taken down and looked over; no kettle but what is unpacked and examined, but packed again and put in its place. All the knives are tested, every pipe sucked at. The scissors are looked over, the needles taken out, and the dry goods, hardware, everything is gone through—soap and what else. They spend the whole day in that store. Meantime, I get a chance to look the skins over and figure out my prices, and finally, in the evening when the couple come back, the man has his wishes. He never tells what he wants, but he relates of what fine knives he saw, both those with the white handles and those with the brown, and how beautiful the big ones were, and the small ones with the point. He goes on: "And then I looked at the files. My, what beautiful files! Just what I needed last summer when I gave up my routine laziness and happened to work a little. And I saw out there that you got axes. I guess the big hunters—of course not me, but the real big hunters—they have plenty of use for such axes for chopping up the frozen meat in the winter time." And he keeps on as if he was sent out to advertise the store to the public. He is interrupted by a sort of yelling or crying from the background. It is his wife, carefully instructed by him, who now breaks in complaining what a bold and fresh husband she got, keeping on asking like a beggar even when it is proved to everybody that he has nothing to pay with. This, of course, only serves to cause me to protest that his skins are marvellous, unmatched so far, etc. When the man has been talking some time, I turn to the wife.

"What about you? Aren't you going to trade? Don't you want something?"

She blushes and looks for a place to hide.

"Me! Certainly not! What should I want? Am I a one who deserves anything? Oh, no; I have no wants, no wishes at all. Haven't I been a guest in your splendid house! Haven't I spoiled the fur he brought? Don't talk to me. Why do you big, strong man direct your words to a poor woman and make me ashamed?"

"But wasn't there something you would like?"

"I like to have—Oh, I happen to be without wishes, only those people who are worth something should have something."

"Well, but I just want you to take something home with you."

And after several more excuses, she tells what she might like to have. A few needles, just to possess them, because she says she can't sew, and it is only because other women have such things and know how to use them. And she wanted some scissors, and she wanted thread. Maybe for the children some undershirts would be good, and some for herself; also combs. And "I would like to have a mirror, even though I, of course, never will look at myself in it. Don't you believe that? But sometimes real women lower themselves down to visit me. And a kettle and some cups; maybe a pot. But because I am so bad I will not ask for a sewing box, but I have looked at one out there which was good because I will have something to think about. Of course I don't want it. And then I saw—"

But here her husband interrupts. "Wait a moment! Wait a moment! I have to go outside and beat my fresh and shameless wife. Oh, I am a poor man at everything, and here you see I can't even educate my wife. Where is my whip? What can I have to lash her with?"

The wife keeps on asking, and finally I have to stop her from asking for more. Meanwhile I have figured out how much they can have for each skin and write it down on a piece of paper, sending them out to my clerk, who now is in the store ready to deliver the goods. It pays better and saves me lots of talk and time when I'm not there. They look at the piece of paper I give them as a nun looks at the Holy Bible. Now, the clerk has his troubles out there while they are making their choice between the different cups, the different kettles, the guns and what not.

And now comes the end of the trading, where they show their smartness and prove to themselves what fine business people they are.

The man will come running in. "Oh, I'm so sorry; when I told you what my needs were I forgot to ask for tobacco. I'd like to have tobacco."

"All right." I allow him the tobacco.

A few minutes after he will be back with his purchases.

"Well," he will say, "I saw a knife out there I would like to have instead of this one, though it will ruin my sleep to part with this one, too."

I let him have the knife.

The wife will be there. "There also was some red cloth. My, I would rather have that than some of the things I got, but I'll begin to cry when I shall have to give them away again."

Then the man comes again. "When I am going out on long bear hunts my thoughts will go back to this hatchet, and I'll be thinking of having had it in my possession, because I'll have to give it back and instead procure a saw I saw out there. I have the whole time been thinking of a saw, but my tongue refused to pronounce the word."

I let him have the saw. And they keep on. The only way to stop them is to have the lunch ready. Big helpings of meat; whale skin in mighty plates; piles of frozen bear meat; bags of duck eggs frozen hard as stones, but delicious to bite in like apples—all given to make them use their mouths for everything but saying wishes. And the deal is closed.

Next day the departure takes place. The dogs are harnessed up and attached to the sledge. The man and wife are loading and lashing their stuff on the sledge. But sure enough, he comes running in at the last moment: "Oh, I forgot matches! Why don't I mention a saw file! If I had only asked for a little more goods! Enough for a harpoon shaft!"

The smartest man is the man who remembers most. He gets a reputation amongst his countrymen. Of course the perfectly straight minded man doesn't know about this, and doesn't allow for it; but the seasoned trader keeps back four or five fox skins to make up for the forgettings and additional wishes.

When everything is loaded on and the woman and children placed on top of the sledge, the man gives a signal to the dogs to rise up and be alert. Then I come out with a package in my hand, giving the wife some tea and sugar, or whatever else I know she would like. Of course these things have been allowed for too.

The whip cracks and away they go. They soon disappear in the darkness, coming again late in the spring before the ice breaks and they have to go to the places where there is open water and the summer keeps them from communication with the outside world.

This is a description of a scene ten years ago. But now, all through my place, money has been introduced. We make our own currency and people are taught the value of a fox skin and the value of a rifle. Everything is worth so much money.

Maybe the old-time expression "gentlemen adventurers" is to be discarded like everything else in former days. They trusted us more, having no means of knowing the treatment they got.

When you have seen a people developing themselves from the Stone Age to modern Arctic life, then you realize that the amount of happiness, the safety of life and the easier way of earning their living follow the progress of the times also in the Arctic. The old tale of white men as robbers and destroyers of the romance of primitive people is a big lie. Of course, lots of the natives are too weak to resist white man's ways and turn to the modern style, but that is because the problems of the coming youth and their outlook are different.

When left alone it is a fight against game, snow and starvation. But wasn't that the case with all races? Those who were the best cave men wouldn't furnish the cream of our time, and so with the primitive people. The only people who didn't take time to go a little deeper into the matter, who blame the white man for not leaving the waste countries alone, were Indians and Eskimos.

A Simple Fur Trade Tale

By R. H. H. MACAULAY

No. 2—The Domestic Trials of Mrs. Pahpukkeena

MR. HECTOR MACLACHLAN, post manager at Sardine Lake, was much worried indeed because he had received from the district office a letter which said that the parcel of muskrats he sent last Wednesday had in it only 14,725 skins, whereas the invoice said quite plainly that it contained 14,726. If Mr. Maclachlan couldn't count better than that, the letter said, they would have to relieve him as post manager and make him district accountant.

Now, fur trading is a very difficult business. You see, animals end their years when they are mangy and, as it would never do for an animal to wear the same coat for two outfits, the fur trade year has to end when the animals are mangy, which is always on 31st May. All this makes it very confusing, because a muskrat caught before May 31st is a muskrat, but "for accounting purposes" becomes a can of pork and beans on June 1st, while a muskrat caught on 1st June is a muskrat.

To add to Mr. Maclachlan's worries, there had been a terrible robbery. Someone had broken into his store while he was out catching butterflies on Thursday evening and had stolen a book of poetry and a bottle of whiskey which Mr. Maclachlan always kept in case he felt faint. After the episode of the missing muskrat, Mr. Maclachlan didn't like to report the robbery; he was afraid they might be suspicious and make him a district accountant at once, and so he was sitting between two piles of muskrats and pork and beans trying to find the pork and beans which was really a muskrat.

"Oh, bother!" said Mr. Maclachlan, as someone knocked on his office door making him lose count for the fourth time. "Come in!"

It was the housemaid, who came to tell him that old Mrs. Pahpukkeena, from the Dead Fish Indian reserve, was in the lounge hall and wondered whether he could spare a minute.

"Show the old lady in, Alice," said the manager.

Mrs. Pahpukkeena came in, trembling with emotion. "Oh dear! Mr. Maclachlan," she began at once, "I'm so upset. My grandson, Suppema, is behaving so strangely. He will insist that his name is 'Minnehaha, Laughing Water,' and you know it isn't really. Then, for the last three nights, he's set his alarm clock for midnight; and as soon as it goes off he bursts into my bedroom most rudely, drags me out of bed and into the garden, and—you'll never believe me!—throws me up into the sky. Well, Mr. Maclachlan, a joke's a joke, but I'm so afraid that these disturbed nights will get me down. Can't you please give the boy a good talking to?"

"Madam," said Mr. Maclachlan, "most sincerely I wish I might, but professional etiquette forbids it. For nigh on two hundred years the government and policing of this vast Northland were the sacred trust of the Hudson's Bay Company. But, madam, Canada grew and grew, and provincial governments were formed; so the policing of the country became too much for the likes of simple fellows such as my colleagues and myself and so they formed that fine corps, the mounted police. God bless them! Alice!" he called. "Phone Contable Jameson, of Kipper Lake; give him my compliments and ask him kindly to step over here."

salute to the dawn, the constable returned looking rather haggard after his night's work. He flung down an empty whiskey bottle and a book, flung himself into a chair and the whole heap of pork and beans collapsed.

After wiping the dust from his heavy eyes, he picked up the book, and, in a voice dulled from lack of sleep, said, "Listen, Mrs. Pahpukkeena, this book is Mr. Longfellow's 'Song of Hiawatha,' and on page 14 we find:

"'From the waterfall he named her,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water.'

"And then on page 10:

Mrs. Pahpukkeena and Mr. Maclachlan sat and talked about the weather, which was pretty rotten, till at last they heard the chug-chug of the constable's motorcycle out on the prairie and, a few minutes later, the jingle of his spurs as he hurried up the garden path.

Constable Jameson listened frightfully carefully to Mrs. Pahpukkeena's story. Then, being a strong, silent man, he just said "Bless my soul!" and dashed off again across the prairie.

For a few minutes Mrs. Pahpukkeena and Mr. Maclachlan tried to go on talking about the weather. But as neither could think of anything to say except "What wonderful weather we're having for the time of year," they stopped talking and just sat and waited. For hours they sat motionless, and the silence of a prairie night was broken only by the howl of a beaver and the noise of the top can of pork and beans rolling off the heap.

Just as the first badger lifted his golden voice in

"'Once a warrior, very angry,
Seized his grandmother, and threw her
Up into the sky at midnight.'

"That, madam, that, coupled with that cream of whiskies, 'Hudson's Bay Best Procurable,' accounts for Suppema's strange behaviour. And it also solves the mystery of your robbery, Mr. Maclachlan. Go home, madam, and have no fear. I have given your grandson a very severe punishment: he must write one hundred times in Cree:

"'Only a loaf of bread beneath the bough,
No flask of wine, no book of verse—but now
Behold me sobering in the wilderness,
A wilderness that's paradise—And how!'

"I'm going your way, madam. May I offer you a lift?"

Once again silence descended over the vast Northland and, with a sigh, Mr. Maclachlan began picking up the cans of pork and beans.

Arctic Writing for Winter Reading

By DOUGLAS MACKAY

A Suggested Field of Reading Which Offers Adventure, Scientific Interest and Entertainment—Sir George Back's Journal and the Dease and Simpson Records

FOR sheer entertainment the literature of Arctic exploration will reward the reader more richly than most fields of specialized bookworming. It has, of course, adventure to recommend it, as well as some scientific interest and frequently a flavour of high romance. The journals of Arctic exploration are seldom regarded as humorous, but for anyone who can be entertained by pomposity of style they can often provide many delightful hours. It is often an arena of bitter controversy where the contestants frequently descend to wordy scuffles which add nothing to our knowledge of the far North and only bring discredit to what is really a very noble section of English literature. Yet even the harpooning of each other by these explorers can be amusing, and as one reads toward modern times it is almost impossible to avoid concluding that most Arctic explorers regard all other Arctic explorers as liars from the start.

Captain Back's "Journal 1833-4-5" and the "Life and Travels of Thomas Simpson, Arctic Discoverer," are admirable examples of the qualities of adventure, controversy and full dress dignity which are almost inseparable in the journals of exploration of the last century, although the controversial quality is all with Simpson in this case.

Captain Back was one of the officers of Sir John Franklin's two overland expeditions (1820-22 and 1825-27). Like so many of the fraternity, he could not rest content with a place in the Arctic story as a mere subordinate in two major ventures, and when, early in 1832, the protracted absence of Captain (later Sir John) Ross began to give some concern, Back was eager to undertake an expedition with the double purpose of search and scientific exploration.

The middle decades of the nineteenth century were the golden age of Arctic exploration. Each new adventure into the North was followed with intense interest by the British public. Committees of distinguished citizens could be formed readily, and the popular subscription lists reveal clearly the widespread enthusiasm for such projects. In Back's case the British Government subscribed £2,000, the Hudson's Bay Company furnished supplies and canoes, and more than one thousand persons in England made contributions totalling £3,000. Thus, in a blaze of official blessings from the Lords of the Admiralty, the Secretary of State for the Colonies and members of the Royal Family, the expedition was launched. Customs barriers were lifted in the United States and transportation companies competed to expedite the journey of the party of two officers and eighteen men. The Hudson's Bay Company's very practical support was given and Alexander Roderick Macleod, an officer of the Company, was appointed to assist and was promised a chief factorship for his work. By midsummer of 1833 he had established his base at the eastern extremity of Great Slave lake and named it Fort Reliance. Before the season was over he had discovered the source of Great Fish (now Back's) river, from which he withdrew to Reliance for the winter. By June of 1834 he was again pressing north over the ice of Artillery, Clinton and Aylmer lakes in his descent to the Arctic Ocean.

It was heavy and strenuous travelling, for the officers of the Royal Navy when they undertook an Arctic task were never light travellers. It was Dr. John Rae of the Hudson's Bay Company who showed the world how to travel light and fast and economically in the Arctic. But the story of this amazing fur-trader-physician, it is hoped, will be told some day in a full length biography.

It is in Back's journals that the grand manner is almost perfectly demonstrated. He descends the Great Fish river through the Barren Lands in dreadful weather, but is never too wet, cold or exhausted to forget to sprinkle the names of his most distinguished patrons over the most forbidding landscape in all America.

"The low land now presented an opening to the left caused by a river which was called after Capt. Superintendent Sir Samuel Warren of the Woolwick Dock Yards. The banks here were higher but of the same dry and sandy character, barren and cheerless." Sir Samuel no doubt was thrilled beyond words when he learned about it.

Back tosses off these names in his stride and seldom fails to add some form of tribute: "It was named after Rear-Admiral McKinley, who has uniformly evinced great interest in recent voyages of discovery." Or "This river has been named after my much respected friend Captain Superintendent Sir Charles Bullen of Pembroke Dock Yard, under whose command I once had the happiness to serve." A new lake in the Barrens: "Wherefore, regarding it apart from the vexations which it had

caused me, I bestowed upon it the name of Lake Garry after Nicholas Garry, Esq., of the Hudson's Bay Company, to whose disinterested zeal in the cause of polar discovery and undeviating kindness to all connected with it, such honourable testimony has been borne by Sir Edward Parry and Sir John Franklin that to dwell on them here is superfluous."

Before such monumental sentences we can only stand in silent reverence.

Back could do this naming business on the run, as in the case of Bowles, a naval captain whose name has survived on a rocky ridge of the Arctic: "A conspicuous promontory to the eastward, blue from distance, which has been before seen from Point Beaufort, was now named after Captain Bowles, R.N.; and such was the change that had been wrought, in the short interval of a few hours, that the whole intermediate space was free from impediment, had it suited our purpose to traverse it."

On the same page Back achieved the notable feat of a double naming all in one breath: "The chain, however, was not of great extent; for at the end of sixteen miles it terminated in a bluff, laid down as Hutton Browne Bluff, and a huge projecting cape, distinguished by the name of Cape Hay after the late Under Secretary of State for the Colonies, a zealous promoter of the expedition, and of geographical researches generally."

The genuine quarter deck style! It is perhaps a little harsh to make these extracts, for Back did a most competent piece of Arctic work. His map is excellent and his scientific notes are admirable. He was a courageous gentleman, and a good leader who found satisfaction in the clean shaven faces of the four gunners of the Royal Artillery who reported to his tent for divine service on Sunday mornings during the worst weather of the expedition. But the style fascinates, and one cannot leave him without quoting the ultimate pinnacle of these remarkable sentences: "Upon these considerations, and influenced, moreover, by a feeling that I was not authorized to swell the expense of a service the original object of which had been happily anticipated by Providence, I relinquished, though with sincere reluctance, the further prosecution of its secondary purpose as altogether hopeless from this particular quarter."

Back returned to England in the summer of 1835. In the spring of 1836 the Governor and committee instructed Sir George Simpson to send out an Hudson's Bay Company party to link up the Arctic coastal discoveries of Back and Ross. Joint command was given to Chief Factor Peter Warren Dease, who had accompanied the second Franklin Expedition and Thomas Simpson, a cousin of Sir George, who had abandoned his studies for the church to enter the service of the Company in 1828. Thomas Simpson was a vigorous, ambitious young man of twenty-seven when he went north.

The expedition was planned, organized and executed with the simplicity and completeness which marks out the Company's exploration from those from "outside." Young Simpson, by an intensive study of astronomy, surveying, chart drawing and mathematics, prepared himself for the three Arctic years ahead. He showed unusual discernment also in reading extensively "with the hope of getting rid of the stiff and ungraceful style of Rupert's Land correspondence which is jarring in my ears and marring the freedom of my pen that may ere long have to figure before the public."

Here enters the note of controversy which adds zest to Arctic reading. At Chipewyan in May 1837, while young Thomas was working with Dease on his plans for the descent of the Mackenzie and the westward thrust along the coast, the post arrived bearing a copy of Back's "Journal 1833-4-5." It is pounced upon by the Hudson's Bay Company men and Simpson bursts out in a personal letter, "His book is a painted bauble, all ornament and conceit and no substance." Really rather harsh words for a youngster who was just at the outset of his own first effort.

By September Simpson and Dease were back at Fort Norman, having completed a remarkably fine job. They descended the Mackenzie and proceeded westward along unexplored coastline, Dease commanding the base camp which enabled Simpson to make the final dash—if careful observation and map making can be called a dash—as far as Point Barrow, Alaska.

Their report is a lucid and business-like description of the work completed and might stand today as a model report. Simpson followed it up with a letter to the Governor of the Company urging him not to overlook the possibility of money rewards from the British Government, and also begging that their relationship should not be held against him in promotion in the Company's service.

To his brother Alexander, who was at Moose Factory, Thomas wrote in terms that were certainly free from the "stiff" language of Rupert's Land correspondence: "Fortune and its Great Disposer have this season smiled upon my undertakings and shed the first bright beams upon the dark prospect of a North American life. Yes, my dearest brother, congratulate me, for I, and I *alone*, have the well-earned honour of uniting the Arctic to the Great Western Ocean and of unfurling the British flag on Point Barrow."

Dease and Simpson proceeded east across Great Bear lake and established Fort Confidence about three miles from the mouth of the Dease river, and winter was upon them by late September 1837. They settled down (with an officer's mess of nine and servant's mess of twelve) to a bitter winter with the prospect of two Arctic years ahead before their task was to end.

Again personalities creep in. Simpson appends a letter to the Governor in his midwinter report, taking a stab at his colleague (whom Franklin found no fault with). "Mr. Dease is a very worthy man," he writes, "but he is dull and indolent." And later, "Dease is a worthy, indolent, illiterate soul and moves just as I give the impulse." Yet today Dease's record in the Arctic will stand beside young Simpson's, for all the latter's enterprise and courage. They were both men of sufficient judgment to maintain good relations throughout.

The quarters at Fort Confidence were, of necessity, cramped and the diet limited to caribou, musk-ox and whitefish, but the young explorer found other diversions. To his brother, in January

1838, he wrote of his plans for the spring, and added, "when fatigued with writing, chart drawing and astronomy, I have a resource here which you would hardly have expected here in an excellent library; which, besides scientific books and a regiment of northern travels, contains Plutarch, Hume, Robertson, Gibbon, Shakespeare, Smollett and dear Sir Walter."

Of his projected descent of the Coppermine to the Arctic he writes with cool assurance: "Our plans, thanks to my own foresight, are all admirably laid." Again the competitive spirit; and the comparison creeps in when he writes of the weather: "The mean temperature of the winter so far is lower by several degrees than any experienced by Franklin or Back."

The expedition down the Coppermine in the summer of 1838 was a comparative failure. They were imprisoned at the mouth of the river and only made one hundred and twenty miles progress eastward with great struggles. At Fort Confidence again in September, Simpson grouses about his colleague, comparing him to such poor fellows as Sir George Back and Sir John Franklin. "My worthy senior, like Franklin and Back, was alarmed by the storms, the snow and the frost in August."

The third Arctic winter was a cruel one and the expedition went through some lean weeks. But from Fort Simpson on October 16, 1839, Simpson and Dease were able to write: "We have the honour to report the completion of all the primary objects of the expedition." The actual achievements of the third expedition are set out clearly in Governor Pelly's letter to the Secretary of State for the Colonies, dated London, 22nd April, 1840:

"With the breaking up of the ice in 1839, those Gentlemen resumed their harassing labours, and, as Your Lordship will observe by the narrative now enclosed, they accomplished the survey to the mouth of Great Fish river, whereby they connected the surveys and discoveries of Sir John Franklin from the westward with those of Sir George Back from the eastward. They also extended the survey of the coast for about two degrees of longitude eastward of Cape Hay of Sir George Back until they saw open water in the direction of the Straits of the Fury and Hecla."

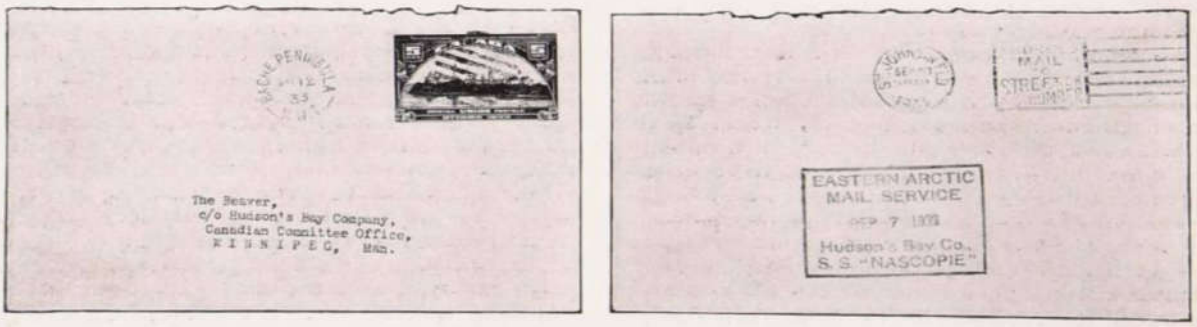
Simpson returned to the Red River Colony after having addressed appeals to the Governor and Committee in London begging to be allowed to carry on his work and explore the Gulf of Boothia and southward from the Straits of Fury and Hecla. Dease agreed to relinquish his claim on a joint command, and young Simpson was so eager to be off that he offered to give up his winter's leave and to put his own savings (£500) into the project. The Governor and Committee declined the funds but accepted the offer. Their letter to Simpson never reached him. There was a delay in the mail, and when the first post arrived at Red River without the Company's acceptance, Simpson started out for England *via* the United States. He was shot, under mysterious circumstances, while travelling with a wagon in Iowa in June 1840. Men who were travelling with him swore before a justice of the peace that he lost his mind and, after shooting two men whom he accused of attempting to murder him, committed suicide.

Simpson's brother, Alexander, has written at some length on the matter and indignantly rejects the whole account and believes Thomas was murdered by halfbreed companions who were under the illusion that Simpson had in his papers some vast secret of the Northwest Passage by means of which they could enrich themselves.

Thomas Simpson was thirty-two years of age at his death. He lies buried in the churchyard of the Red River Colony. The controversy which followed, directed by his brother, is a story to be told in these pages later.

In rounding out the narrative of Thomas Simpson, we have departed somewhat from the major purpose of this article. But the Simpson episode at least serves to indicate some of the diversity of interest which is to be found in the literature of northern exploration.

There are dangers attached to it as a reading hobby. One is apt to emerge from several months' reading in this highly absorbing department of history with a style of writing which, unless one is on constant guard, proceeds on and on into magnificently pyramided clauses and qualifying descriptive matter until one finds oneself writing descriptive sentences which become essays in themselves and paragraphs which reach throughout pages very much in the manner of these concluding words, which, it is hoped, have not discouraged anyone who may have had a casual interest in the subject from following it further, despite the obvious menace to one's own writing style.



His Majesty's Mail from Bache Peninsula, furthest North Post Office in the World, Reaches Hudson's Bay House, Winnipeg, via Eastern Arctic Mail Service

End Papers by W. Langdon Kihn from "Beaver, Kings and Cabins"

Books

Fur Trade Panorama

"Beaver, Kings and Cabins," by Constance Lindsay Skinner; published 1933 by The Macmillan Company of Canada; 273 pages, with illustrations by W. Langdon Kihn; $3.00.

WE who read eagerly each new book relating to the Canadian North have learned that they usually fall into one of three classifications: history, political economy, biography or fiction. Miss Skinner's book cuts across these divisions. There is history in the book, but it is not the type of indexed and orderly chronicle to which you would turn for reference. There are sharply etched biographical fragments but no full figure portrait. One portion of the book is written in the vein of fiction, and yet one is aware that this has its basis in fact. It is a book that will annoy the historian, not for any errors in facts, but for the motion-picture-epic-scenario manner in which they are presented. There is much to be said for the style, however, when it comes to writing for popular consumption on a very large historical subject.

Miss Skinner, who was born in the fur trade, has a genuine feeling for the subject. Her account of its beginnings and its profound influence on the history of this continent reveal her excellent grasp of the history of the fur trade. We who believe the first eighty years of the nineteenth century to be the most interesting of the entire history would like to have more of the book devoted to that period, with some of Miss Skinner's clear line descriptions applied to some of the giants of that day. In fact so slight is her account of later and modern times that the reviewer in the New York *Times* fumbled badly when, in commenting on Miss Skinner's book, he wrote: "On the north shore of the St. Lawrence, below the Saguenay river, traders from Montreal and Quebec still bargain with the Indians for a handful of furs in the spring, and the scattered posts of the Hudson's Bay Company in Northern Manitoba and Saskatchewan still do a modest business of the kind that made the Company famous." One is impelled to fling a lot of Dominion bureau of statistics figures at this fellow. It is too bad that Miss Skinner did not include a few sentences which would have made such an error impossible.

It is gratifying to find a popular writer presenting the Company's story without prejudice and with an intimate understanding of the subject. She effectively spikes the popular, though flattering, error of using the word "gentleman" in the Company's formal name. The fundamental soundness in the Company's traditional Indian policy is well set out.

If we in the Company who read the book become somewhat ruffled by the omissions of the particular aspect of Hudson's Bay Company history to which we are most devoted, we must recall that "Beaver, Kings and Cabins" was not written for us but for readers unfamiliar with the great story as a whole, and it will be a matter of some satisfaction at least to be able to recommend to the interested reader a readable book which treats the Company fairly.

One cannot conclude this review without a tribute to the excellent black and white illustrations by W. Langdon Kihn. From the jacket to the end papers, the pictures are vigorous and decorative and recall Mr. Kihn's earlier work among the British Columbia Indians, some of which now hang in the National Gallery at Ottawa.—*D.M.*

On the Fringe of the Barrens

"The Land of Feast and Famine," by Helge Ingstad; published by The Ryerson Press; 332 pages, 61 illustrations and a map; $4.00.

FICTION has done so badly by Northern Canada with false heroics and gross inaccuracies that it is pleasant to be able to review in this issue of *The Beaver* two books which have authentic character. There have been too many books of the North written by men who will not be welcome again into the close-knit life of those far off communities. Merrick's "True North," reviewed in these pages, is an excellent book despite the fact that the author has surrendered the life over which he became so lyrical and is now living in Westchester, New York state. "The Land of Feast and Famine" can be placed in a similar classification. Ingstad, a lawyer practising in Norway, abandoned his profession and sought out the strenuous life of the North. Four years east of Great Slave lake with expeditions into the Barrens were enough to satisfy a restless urge. But they were four crowded years, and his record of his life about the post with his trapper friends and a nomad Indian band appears to be one which can be read by any of those mentioned without arousing murderous feelings.

In his first summer, Ingstad, with an experienced trapper companion, pushed up over an old canoe route from Great Slave lake, but were defeated in their attempt to reach the Barrens in September. They built a cabin on an unnamed lake and trapped with some success, returning to Snowdrift post in the spring.

In his second winter, Ingstad joined a group of Indians on their migration to the headwaters of the Thelon river. Living with them as a native, hunting with them, facing starvation and sharing in their deliverance on the arrival of the caribou, his account of their life is a good, informative narrative. His observations on these caribou eaters is as good as any contemporary writing on the Indian. Friendly and understanding, he is neither overweighted on the side of sentiment or cold science.

His own winter alone in the Barrens with five dogs is the most absorbing feature of the book. There are not many who can pass judgment upon its accuracy, for few white men have chosen to endure the hardships of this land without trees where men can eat only what they kill. It has the note of honesty in narration, and certainly it is a more rounded out picture of the Barrens than is given in that other recent book, "Snow Man," the chronicle of the Hornby-Critchell-Bullock trip.

Ingstad's chapter on the caribou is a notable non-scientific treatment of this subject. He puts down the considered opinions of the veteran trappers, his own observations and includes many exciting episodes of caribou hunting both alone and with the Indians.

It is a book which will no doubt draw some fire from Northern men who are highly critical of writing about their country. Theirs is an attitude born of two origins: first, they have been victimized so often and, second, they resent any threat of popular interest in their chosen private preserve. Only a rare genius can come into any community and, in attempting to describe it in written words, satisfy all or even most of the residents. It is so with the North, but it would seem as though this was a book about which there would be less jeering than most of those which have preceded it.—*D.M.*

Labrador Men

"The True North," by Elliott Merrick; published by Charles Scribner & Sons, New York; 353 pages; $2.75.

The author, a newspaper man from New York, becoming dissatisfied with city life, went to the Labrador to teach school at the Grenfell mission. There he met and married a nurse of the mission, and this book is an account of his experiences there, but more particularly of his trip, accompanied by his wife, with the trappers of Northwest River on their winter hunt up the Hamilton and Grand rivers over the Height of Land.

For anyone who likes a stirring tale of the North, this is an absorbing story of hardship and privation; the long trek to the hunting grounds in the fall by canoe against the current, up rapids, over portages; the arrival at the "tilts;" the daily life of the trapper tramping through the woods, chopping wood, making flour cakes, shooting partridges, keeping warm, but nearly always cold and wet, sometimes hungry.

The description of this almost unknown country is most fascinating. The Great Falls—the greatest on this continent—must be a wonderful sight. Seen first by a white man (John MacLean of the Hudson's Bay Company, in 1839) it has since then been seen by few except trappers and Indians, the names of some of the visitors being preserved in a bottle concealed in a tree stump.

There are two striking things in this book—the almost incredible hardships endured by a white woman and the endless dangers and toil through which those men pass year by year who obtain their living in the lonely places of the earth in search of fur. Little do we in civilization realize their hard life. The author pays tribute to these hardy men of the Labrador. "It was a glimpse into a life we never knew before. It is unbelievable what a trapper can accomplish. We knew before that they were remarkable men, but now we know they are supermen."

The author and his wife are obviously lovers of the open places, and after two years of such a life, one wonders if they can ever go back to city life.

This book will be of particular interest to Hudson's Bay Company men who know life on the Labrador. The country described is now tributary to Mud Lake and Northwest River posts. Many years ago the Company had posts in this area, which however were closed owing to the difficulty of transportation over this wild country.

An interesting book well worth reading.—*R.P.*

The Beaver is printed by Saults & Pollard Limited, Winnipeg, Canada, specializing in the production of the better class of periodicals, brochures and art printing.

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Hudson's Bay Company.
INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670.

Red Lake Goes Modern

By JAMES E. HOLDEN
Post Manager, Red Lake

A Modest Account of a Stout Effort at the Howey Mines Townsite in Northern Ontario

AFTER somewhat prolonged negotiations, a building site was obtained this summer on the Howey Mine townsite, and what was formerly a vacant lot of rock and debris became a chaos of picks, shovels, scrapers, chains, and the other paraphernalia of excavation. A cellar seven feet deep was wanted, but at a depth of three feet the contractors hit bedrock and resorted to the handsteel of the old-time prospector. But this was slow and uncertain. A steam drilling plant was brought by boat from Pipestone, twenty miles away, and set up on the shore. Dynamite blew out the remaining four feet of rock (and several of the nearby windows). Concrete and steel lined the gaping pit, scaffolding was erected, and the building commenced. The local rumour that we were starting a new mine was thus brought to naught, and in a very short time the construction took shape. Many problems were solved before the hardwood floors were laid on the 29th of September. Prior to the installation of shelves and counters in the store, we held a dance, which was attended by almost the entire Red Lake community. In this we received very friendly co-operation from our neighbours, Mr. and Mrs. Moore, who have built a hotel next to our store. Supper was served in their dining room. And thereafter our opening was awaited with growing interest.

The scows of the Patricia Transportation Company brought merchandise over the one hundred and eighty miles of lake and portage from Hudson. Our stock from the old post two miles away was also moved by scow. The staff packed flour and sugar until, dusty and sticky, they cried aloud for a bath. The lake was too cold for swimming a month ago and a galvanized wash-tub served their needs. With renewed vigour they attacked the cases and bales. Surely no Fur Trade post ever saw such a variety of merchandise as they unpacked, from stovepipes to dressing gowns, from powder puffs to oakum bales.

By Saturday, 15th October, our store had been transformed from an empty shell to a place of beautifully displayed merchandise, clean, well lighted, attractive and up-to-date—a store where the Indian from a hundred miles back can obtain his every need, and where the ladies of the mining camp, newly arrived from the city, can shop with convenience.

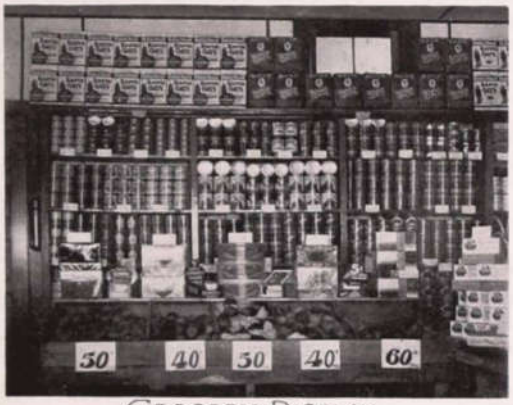
On Monday, 16th October, the store was opened, following a distribution of circulars advertising "Opening Specials" in the best metropolitan manner. They came. They saw. They bought. They kept on buying. They expressed their appreciation of the store, the quality of merchandise, the displays, the prices.

And now that the establishment of our business on the Howey townsite is complete, we are confident a great future lies ahead of us and, having surmounted many difficulties, we reach for the stars.

Types of Netcheli Eskimo, Repulse Bay and Northwest Baffin Land (Photo Hugh Conn)

Red Lake Post
Yesterday and To-day

— THE NEW POST —
A MODERN STORE, RESIDENCE & WAREHOUSE



GROCERY DISPLAY
IN THE CHAIN STORE MANNER

COMPLETE STOCK WELL ARRANGED

FRUIT, DRY GOODS & FORT GARRY TEA

JAMES E. HOLDEN (POST MANAGER)
AND W BLACK AT THE OLD POST

THE OLD POST SLEEPS
IN THE SEPTEMBER SUNSHINE

MILESTONES IN FUR TRADE PROGRESS:
THE OLD POST NOW ABANDONED

The Governor Presents Long Service Decorations at Montreal

THE FUR TRADE

Commissioner's Office

THE Fur Trade Commissioner, accompanied by Paul Mehmel, of the Montreal fur purchasing agency, visited London during September and October, and attended the Company's autumn sale. They crossed on the *Aurania* at the beginning of September and returned on the *Empress of Britain* at the middle of October. Before returning, the Fur Trade Commissioner was the guest of the Deputy Governor, Sir Alexander Murray, for a few days at Lossiemouth and visited many of the historic and beautiful spots of the Scottish Highlands. Landing at Quebec on his return to Canada, the Commissioner visited Montreal, Ottawa and Toronto on his way to Winnipeg, and after a week or two at the office made a tour of inspection of the western centres, including Regina, Calgary, Vancouver, Seattle, Edmonton and Saskatoon.

The Fur Trade conference is scheduled to commence at Winnipeg November 27, when it is expected all the district managers will be present.

His many friends throughout the North will be interested and pleased to hear of the appointment of Archdeacon Fleming to the new bishopric of the Arctic. Archdeacon Fleming has been closely associated with the work of the Anglican mission among the Eskimos for about twenty-four years.

H. P. Warne has visited nearly all the fur purchasing agencies during the past few months. A. M. Jones, with his wife, returned from their honeymoon in England and are now settled at Calgary.

J. C. Donald is back in the Maritimes after having spent the summer on the Mackenzie River Transport. J. G. Woolison is attached to Prince Albert agency and P. Carey to The Pas. R. Wardrop has been transferred to the charge of the Prince Rupert agency, while L. Tasse is in charge of the new agency opened at Quebec City. S. C. Loffre and G. Harris are operating at Toronto. W. M. Ritchie has returned to North Bay and J. Neely to Regina. W. G. Scholz is a newcomer to the Winnipeg agency.

The *SS. Nascopie* returned to St. John's on schedule on September 27, after completing a very successful voyage to Hudson Bay and the Eastern Arctic. The vessel has been laid up at St. John's, with A. Reed acting as caretaker for the winter. R. J. Randell, chief officer, and W. B. Penston, of the engineering staff, are also standing by the vessel. Captain Smellie has returned to Edmonton.

W. O. Douglas has been employed since his return from England visiting fur farms throughout the prairie provinces soliciting fur shipments. J. B. Renny, late of Cartwright fur farm, brought through the mink and marten from Cartwright and a number of silver foxes from Mingan and is looking after them at Bird's Hill, near Winnipeg.

An International Fur Show, sponsored by fur farming and fur trade interests in Manitoba, is being held at the Winnipeg Auditorium from December 4 to 9. The Company has donated ten trophies for competition, five for silver foxes and five for mink, besides cash prizes.

The Company had also a booth for the exhibition of its products at the Quebec Industrial Exhibition held in Quebec City at the end of November. W. Black arranged the exhibit.

J. Cantley spent some time at Vancouver in connection with the disposal of the cargo of the *SS. Anyox*.

W. Nairn, of the Winnipeg depot, visited Montreal, Toronto and other eastern points on a buying trip during September.

Among out of town visitors to the office during the past few months, we have had Alex. Flett, pensioner from Pine Falls; Peter Freuchen, late member of the Fifth Thule Expedition; S. S. Fletcher, of the London buying office; Corporal Nichol, R.C.M. Police, formerly stationed at Port Burwell and more recently at Baker Lake; Bishop Breynat and Bishop Turquetil, of the Roman Catholic missions; and "Punch" Dickins, of the Canadian Airways. Cornwallis King, the Company's oldest pensioner, still hale and hearty, also drops in now and then to see us.

J. W. Anderson, district manager at James Bay, spent a week or two in Winnipeg prior to the Fur Trade conference.

J. Jandron re-opened Dinorwic post in the Superior-Huron district and spent some time there with the new manager.

The retirement of A. Knowles, accountant, of the Winnipeg depot, will come as regrettable news to his many friends throughout the Fur Trade. Mr. Knowles joined the service twenty-one years ago and has been connected with the depot that time. Unfortunately, owing to failing health, Mr. Knowles was obliged to retire and decided to return to the Old Country. Before leaving, he was met by the Fur Trade staff and other associates in Hudson's Bay House and presented with a gold watch and chain, suitably inscribed, from the staff and a cheque from the Company. The presentations were made by the Fur Trade Commissioner, who referred to Mr. Knowles' many years of faithful service to the Company and expressed the regret felt by all over his departure. Just prior to Mr. and Mrs. Knowles' departure for the Old Country, a number of friends from Hudson's Bay House held a farewell surprise party at the home of Mr. D. Stevens, when Mrs. Knowles was presented with a leather hand-bag.

L. D. Hughes, of the Edmonton depot, has taken over the duties of accountant at the Winnipeg depot.

W. E. Brown has been inspecting posts along the north shore of the St. Lawrence during the past few months.

Rolf Bassett and A. Keefer are recent additions to the F.T.C.O. staff.

The congratulations of the Fur Trade are extended to Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Lillie, of the Fur Trade Commissioner's office, on the excellent showing they made at the annual tournament of the Manitoba Lawn Bowling Association. They won the Gibson trophy as the leading "Mr. and Mrs." team.

British Columbia District

Visitors to British Columbia district office since last publication include the following: Mr. P. Ashley Cooper, Governor, Hudson's Bay Company; Sir Alexander Murray, Deputy Governor, Hudson's Bay Company; Mr. P. A. Chester, General Manager; Mr. R. Parsons, Fur Trade Commissioner; W. E. Brown, inspector; J. Cantley, F.T.C.O.; H. M. S. Cotter, pensioner, of The Pas; Mike Larsen, pensioner, of McDames Creek; Mr. F. C. Weems, New York.

We welcome to the staff of this district Apprentice Clerks R. Cunningham and J. Copeland. Originally engaged for Western Arctic district, Messrs. Copeland and Cunningham were transferred to this district on return of the *SS. Anyox* to Vancouver. Mr. Copeland is now stationed at McLeod's Lake and Mr. Cunningham at Babine.

The district manager left Vancouver the latter part of August on an inspection of the following posts: Babine, Tacla, Fort St. James, Hazelton and Kitwanga. At the three latter posts we were honoured with a visit from the Governor and the General Manager, both of whom took a keen interest in the conduct of the business and the general welfare of the staff. Further particulars of the Governor's visit to this district will no doubt be recorded elsewhere in this publication by the editor of *The Beaver*, who accompanied the Governor.

In a report from J. Ware, manager of our Whitewater post, we learn that he had the misfortune to cut his foot badly with an axe and had to travel thirty miles to have the wound dressed. We are pleased to hear that the wound is healing and that Mr. Ware is able to get around on crutches.

While at Fort St. James, we had the pleasure of meeting W. Black, of the F.T.C.O., who was making an inspection of posts' merchandise. Mr. Black visited Fort St. James, Hazelton and Kitwanga.

Mackenzie-Athabasca District

By a coincidence, in June 1933, a gathering of Hudson's Bay men met at Fort Norman post which savoured of the oldtime assemblies at such places as Norway House and York Factory. Included in the assembly were: Chief Factor J. Bartleman who was on a summer inspection trip; A. M. Jones, manager of the Calgary fur purchasing agency, who was on an educational campaign; Post Manager G. Duncan, from Fort Franklin, who was out making his fur shipment for the previous winter; Post Manager A. Reid, who was proceeding to establish and open up the new post to be known as Fort Dease on Cameron Bay in Great Bear Lake; S. S. Mackie, who later proceeded and took charge of Fort Wrigley post; also W. T. Winchester and R. E. Howell, both of Fort Norman post.

Rising to the occasion and exercising the hospitality for which he is renowned, Pensioner T. C. Gaudet invited the gathering to his house for a feast of northern delicacies, such as can only be provided for by the ability of an old-timer like Pensioner Gaudet, with the able help of his wife. A most enjoyable evening was spent recounting incidents of the past and present, not overlooking the furlough spent the previous summer in Scotland by Chas. Reiach in company with Geo. E. Duncan,

when Mr. Reiach was temporarily the proud possessor of an automobile but was continually lamenting because the allowance to apprentices on furlough in no way included such incidental items as the use of an automobile or even the gas required for its operation. It is said that on several occasions the automobile was pushed home by Reiach and Duncan when out of gas and the budgetted expenses for the day had been expended.

Another Scotsman who helped renew the traditions was Mr. Winchester, who carried with him a large one-pound Christmas glass jar of tobacco which everyone thought was intended as a gift for the host, Pensioner T. C. Gaudet, but instead, when the sumptuous meal was over, Mr. Winchester simply borrowed matches and cigarette papers from the others present and proceeded to roll himself a cigarette without even offering the others the "makings." His characteristic lent itself to much "joshing," and as Mr. Winchester departed from the gathering he wished he could disappear through an unseen passage with his jar of tobacco; but nevertheless the characteristic was too strong for him and he faced the music and proceeded home with his big glass jar of tobacco and more matches in his pocket than he came with, together with the end of an unfinished cigarette on his ear made with someone else's paper.

Pensioner T. C. Gaudet has spent thirty-five years in the service and, as he said himself that night, he had never laughed "so many" before.

Mackenzie River Transport

Navigation for the season 1933 has now closed, and it is to be hoped that never again will so much misfortune be met with in a single season. The ice in the spring "went out" with a rush and extensive damage was done to buildings at Waterways, Fort Fitzgerald, and Fort Smith, and to piles of cut spruce which are stacked along the river banks for use by the wood burning steamers. Fire also played havoc with our property and warehouses at Fort Fitzgerald in May and Fort Smith in September were razed to the ground.

Two important factors in the operations were the large shipments made to the mineral field at Great Bear Lake from Waterways, and also from the Fort Norman oil well, and the emergency supplies shipped to Aklavik for distribution to Western Arctic posts after *S.S. Anyox* was disabled.

The staff worked hard to get all the freight safely through to destination, and particularly so in the successful effort to get *SS. Distributor* away from Fort Smith for Aklavik with over 700 tons of freight in mid-August. Long spells of work were put in by the officers and crews, the Smith Portage staffs and Ryan Brothers in delivering large quantities of freight.

The warehouses at Waterways are at present being moved back from the bank, which is being eaten away by the river, and the offices are being reconstructed at the same time.

The staff have evacuated the North and Col. H. G. Reid, H. N. Petty, G. H. McKay and R. F. Bassett arrived in Winnipeg at the end of October. Miss Clark arrived later, as she had to undergo a small operation in Edmonton, from which it is hoped she has safely recovered.

It is reported that Slim Behn and G. P. Reid, of *M.T. Liard River*, are hiking from Fort Smith, N.W.T., to Waterways, a distance of about three hundred miles, as they preferred doing that to waiting till an aeroplane could bring them out towards the end of November.

Congratulations are extended to Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Petty on the birth of a daughter early in November, and to Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Penhorwood, whose baby daughter arrived earlier in the year.

R. D. Ferrier, who has been on the staff at Waterways a number of years, was transferred to Edmonton depot at the close of the season, and to him and to Miss H. Smith, who has joined the staff of MacKenzie-Athabasca district office, good wishes for continued success are extended.

Western Arctic District

The Fur Trade gods, after frowning on the voyage of the *SS. Anyox*, this year's supply ship, and causing the abandonment of the voyage, became distinctly friendly when the second outfit was shipped down the Mackenzie river and permitted the distributing vessels taking part in the delivery of the supplies beyond Aklavik to complete their tasks without serious mishap.

Liverpool had nothing on Aklavik when the *Distributor* arrived on August 30 and loading of the smaller craft, carrying up to a maximum of thirty tons each, commenced. By evening of the 31st nineteen schooners (fourteen being Eskimo owned and operated, and specially chartered for the purpose) were fully loaded.

On September 1 ten vessels left for Herschel Island with freight for that point and cargo for the *St. Roch*, which was all ready for a rush trip through to Cambridge Bay before freeze-up. Seeing this squadron bearing down on them, we understand the inhabitants of Herschel Island evacuated the settlement and retreated to the hills until they realized it was a friendly fleet and not the enemy.

On September 2 the *Rob Roy*, *Sea Wolf*, *Sea Otter*, *Anna Olga* and *Bonnie Belle* pulled out for posts as far distant as Fort Collinson, Coppermine and Bathurst Inlet, over 1,000 miles eastward, while other vessels started for Shingle Point with the provisions for the Anglican Eskimo residential school. With the exception of the *Sea Otter* and *Sea Wolf*, bound respectively for Fort Collinson and Bathurst Inlet, the success of whose voyages cannot be known until later in the winter, all craft completed their itineraries and delivered their outfits in good order and condition, after contending

with ice fields, shoal water, rough weather and other obstacles sent to try sailors.

So the Hudson's Bay Company wins through in spite of difficulties and set-backs which come in its path. We had the generous assistance of all our friends in the Arctic, but must specially mention Fred Jacobson and his son Ted with their schooner *Rob Roy*, and also Tom Lessard, who rendered yeoman service.

Owing to the transport tie-ups and difficulties, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Bonshor had seven extra members of the staff at Aklavik for two full months. It is a question who were the most relieved when the time of parting came—Mr. and Mrs. Bonshor, who had been so patient with such a crowd, or the travellers, who were so anxious to get to their final destinations.

This has been the worst ice year known in the Western Arctic for a great many years. Herschel Island was ice bound until almost August 1, while William Gibson and Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Gall were unable to reach Coppermine with the *Aklavik* until September 18. The Herschel Island Eskimos who went to Banksland by schooner in 1932 were unable to return last summer at all, and only reached Fort Collinson with great difficulty in September.

Inspector C. Rivett-Carnac, who has relieved Inspector A. N. Eames as officer commanding of the Western Arctic subdivision, Royal Canadian Mounted Police, had a very trying introduction to his new duties when his first job was to deal with the emergency arising out of the abandonment of the *Anyox* voyage and to deliver special supplies to all police posts on the coast. The *St. Roch*, which had been scheduled to go outside, was kept in the Arctic for this purpose. We are much indebted to Inspector Rivett-Carnac and the police for their co-operation.

Sergeant F. Anderton, who has been in charge of the *St. Roch* since she was built, came out this year, also Constable Duke, wireless operator. We hear Sgt. Anderton is contemplating matrimony, and we all hope we shall see him back again. Sergeant Mackinson has meantime taken charge of the vessel.

L. A. Learmonth and A. Gavin left Cambridge Bay with the *Polar Bear* early in September to proceed to King William Land, where they will winter.

J. W. Sinclair is at Herschel Island, R. H. Kilgour at Letty Harbour, F. R. Ross at Reid Island, and C. V. Rowan at Fort Collinson.

Charles Reiach has been promoted to be manager of Baillie Island, while F. E. Heath is in charge of Fort Hearne, J. A. Thom of Cambridge Bay, and R. Jardine of Bathurst Inlet. The new apprentices have been stationed as follows: J. W. Sidgwick at Aklavik, Thos. Scurfield at Baillie Island, E. H. Riddell at Bathurst Inlet; while F. B. Milne has returned to Cambridge Bay. Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Gall are wintering at Coppermine and Kugaryuak.

William Gibson and W. P. Johnston have come out on furlough and have returned to their homes in Ireland and Scotland respectively.

R. H. G. Bonnycastle, district manager, superintended the delivery of the replacement supplies and afterwards flew out from Coppermine to Edmonton, making the trip in three days, which included one day's delay by weather at Great Bear Lake. William Gibson flew out a few days later.

Saskatchewan District

The following staff changes have taken place in the district: D. Adams transferred from Pine River post to the management of Souris River post; Apprentice Clerk A. W. Scott transferred from Lac la Ronge to the management of Buffalo River outpost; J. T. Buchan transferred to the management of Cree Lake outpost from Pine River post; W. J. Gordon appointed assistant at Pine River post.

We welcome J. W. Law, who was engaged in August as apprentice clerk. Mr. Law is stationed at Lac la Ronge post.

W. Gowans, manager at Pas Mountain post, returned to Canada in September after spending a three-months holiday in Scotland. Wm. Mitchell, who was relieving him, returned to Cumberland House post early in September.

We extend congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. J. Stewart, who were married in the East in August.

We regret to report the death of William Nicol, which took place at Buffalo River on August 24.

The district manager visited Isle a la Crosse and Clear Lake posts early in September, and also Buffalo River outpost.

R. W. Murray, district accountant, returned to the office early in November completely recovered from the effects of a rather serious operation which took place late in August.

Navigation closed on Lake Winnipeg in October, the last boat of the season arriving in Selkirk on October 25, after a very rough trip on the north end of the lake.

Nelson River District

A very successful transport season in Nelson River district section of Hudson Bay ended with the safe arrival of the *M.S. Fort Severn* at Churchill on 16th September. The distance travelled and the tonnage carried during the season were the greatest on record.

The following travelled with us as passengers during the season: Ven. Archdeacon Faries, York Factory; Rev. D. B. and Mrs. Marsh, Eskimo Point; Rev. H. Dube, The Pas; Col. H. J. Martin, Corp. H. J. Nichols and Const. Reg. A. Taggart, R.C.M.P.; Dr. B. W. Currie, Dr. Frank T. Davies, Stuart McVeigh and John P. Rae, Chesterfield section Polar Year expedition; Messrs. C. Arthur Bambric, H. C. Risteen and C. E. Rose, Chesterfield radio station; Dr. G. Walton, A. C. Carlson, Revillon Freres; Messrs. W. J. Green, Arthur J. Trafford, J. E. J. Wilson, A. MackIntosh, Harry

J. Mann, W. C. Brownie, R. J. Christie, C. H. J. Winter, W. A. Heslop, A. Paterson, W. A. Hunter, James Spence, J. M. S. McLeod, W. J. Mason, John and Henry Voisey, all of Nelson River district staff; and about twenty-five white trappers.

A new store, warehouse and residence have been erected at Churchill townsite. The store was opened for business on 21st October. The old post on the west side of Churchill river will be operated as an outpost.

Apprentice J. E. J. Wilson, formerly of York Factory, is now at Trout Lake.

C. H. J. Winter, having completed his apprenticeship, has gone home to England on furlough.

Alex. MackIntosh, Trout Lake post, is at present in Winnipeg on furlough. During his absence Wm. Glennie is in charge of the post.

W. A. Heslop, formerly in charge of Wager Inlet post, is in charge of Nonala post.

Apprentice W. J. Mason has been transferred from Repulse Bay to Pukatawagan.

Apprentice A. Paterson has been given charge of Granville Lake outpost.

W. C. Brownie, formerly of Repulse Bay, is now in charge of Padley post.

Archie Hunter, who was in charge of Baker Lake for the past three years, is now enjoying furlough at his home in Scotland. He made a record trip from Baker Lake, travelling on the *M.S. Fort Severn* to Churchill, thence on the *SS. Brandon*, one of the grain vessels, to a European port and then to Methil in Scotland, the total travelling time being less than two weeks.

A fine exhibition of handling a vessel under full sail was given when the *M.S. Fort Severn*, returning on her fourth trip, ran into Churchill harbour with all canvas spread.

Capt. D. O. Morris, late of *M.S. Fort Severn*, is now attached to Calgary fur purchasing agency.

Superior-Huron District

The construction of the Company's new post buildings on the Howey Mine townsite, Red Lake, has been completed by the contractors, Messrs. Macaw & Macdonald. Business at the new site commenced the middle of October, and a very good trade is being done. J. E. Holden has been placed in charge of the post.

Dinorwic post was re-opened for business on the 1st of October with B. C. Lemon in charge. Mr. Lemon is new to the service, and we wish him all success.

Wm. Gregory, who has recently undergone an appendicitis operation, has returned to Pine Ridge post.

Now, with the advent of cold weather, reports continue to come in from various points that fur bearing animals are quite numerous all through the district.

The Department of Indian Affairs has become quite active recently in the matter of instructing Indians who have wandered away from their reserves to return to their original place of residence, failing which all assistance in the matter of government relief to the needy would be discontinued.

Bishop Anderson, of Moosonee, paid a visit to English River post during the past summer.

W. Wraight, apprentice, who has been in charge of Ombabika outpost during the summer, has been placed in charge of Kagainagami, outpost of Fort Hope. E. E. Bates, formerly in charge of this outpost, has been transferred to Lansdowne House.

We welcome to the staff of the district, apprentice D. K. Wilson, who has been attached to the staff at Minaki post; also J. Walsh and M. G. Lownds, two new members of our staff at Red Lake post.

A. Hughes, Osnaburgh post, returned to duty from furlough at the end of September.

J. L. Charlton, manager of Peterbell post, is at present enjoying a three-months holiday in the Old Country. W. S. Franklin, apprentice, is temporarily in charge of the post.

R. J. Mousseau, post manager at Bucke, was admitted to the Misericordia Hospital, Winnipeg, in September, suffering from an eye injury. He, however, was able to return to his post within the week.

The Indian department has closed the Indian hospital at Gogama, and the patients have been transferred to Sudbury.

Congratulations are in order to Mr. and Mrs. O. E. Butterill, of Nipigon, on the birth of a son September 17.

Mrs. H. Lariviere, wife of our manager at Mattice post, underwent an operation in October, and according to reports has progressed favourably.

Mrs. Wm. Gregory, wife of our Pine Ridge post manager, recently underwent a severe operation, and is reported to be progressing very favourably.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Cargill, of Sioux Lookout, were in Winnipeg for a very brief stay towards the end of October.

M. Cowan, acting district manager, has paid brief visits to Red Lake, Sioux Lookout and Hudson recently.

James Bay District

Aeroplane activities were not very numerous during the summer months. The Canadian Airways Junker plane CF-ATF, Pilot Bibby and Engineer Palisay were stationed at Moosonee all fall. They made one long flight to Cape Smith and return and a few shorter trips. Lieut. Carter, of the R.C.A.F., spent some time with us at Moose Factory doing some aerial photography in connection with the Onakawana coal fields. The Bishop of Haileybury, Right Reverend L. Rheaume, made an aeroplane trip from Haileybury to Fort George and return. In June the Right Rev. Bishop Anderson made an aeroplane trip to Rupert's House, Nemaska, Neoskweskau, Mistassinny and Woswonaby.

It was quite like old times to have the *Nascopie* visit Charlton again this summer, although there

was a modern touch in connection with passengers leaving the *Nascopie* for the railway terminus at Moosonee and other passengers coming in. Among the latter was Mr. D. H. Laird, who on 8th August visited Moose Factory before joining the *Nascopie* at Charlton. Summer transport operations finished later than in 1932, but now all vessels are laid up and in winter quarters. Captain J. O. Nielson has retired to his home at Clute, while Engineer E. G. Cadney has returned to Montreal. We might mention in passing that Captain Nielson had quite an exciting return to his home, for nothing less than a double wedding took place in the Nielson family and the captain gave away both a son and a daughter in marriage. We had Captain Barbour and Engineer Steve Bradbury with us all summer operating the *M.K. Fort Amadjuak* in connection with the tourist traffic.

During the summer we had a visit from Bishop Anderson, also Archdeacon Woodall and Mrs. Woodall. On 13th August the bishop held a confirmation service at Moose Factory, assisted by Archdeacon Woodall and Reverend Joseph Blackburn. It was a pleasure having Archdeacon and Mrs. Woodall visit us, as they were for many years at the Rupert's House mission. The Reverend Canon and Mrs. Griffin have retired from the Fort George mission, having been succeeded there by the Reverend and Mrs. T. E. Jones.

Messrs. Boas and Summers also returned from Fort George mission, having completed the erection of the new residential school there. The Reverend R. A. Joselyn and Mrs. Joselyn came through Moose Factory by canoe in August and have since returned to their mission at Albany. After staying out the greater part of the winter, Mrs. Morrow returned to Rupert's House in the *Fort Charles* in the early summer and later, accompanied by the Reverend George Morrow, made a canoe trip to Moose Factory.

During the summer we had a visit from Mr. H. W. Jones, of the tidal division, Canadian Hydrographical Service, who established tidal gauges at Moosonee and at Charlton Island.

There have been many staff transfers during the quarter. Mr. T. W. Baddage comes to us from Montreal to take up duties at the district office, while the following members of the staff have gone out on furlough: Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Watt, R. H. Cook, N. Matthew and R. J. Spalding. Mr. Gordon goes to Albany, while W. T. Watt goes to Fort George, and A. H. Michell takes charge of Weenusk post. The new Belcher post was established in the month of September with R. Cruickshank in charge and apprentice D. G. Boyd as his assistant. Mr. Boyd, we fear, will suffer from the cold at the Belcher islands as he went out there without his spats, notwithstanding the fact he was advised that every well dressed Eskimo wears spats.

There have been various changes at the Anglican mission at Moose Factory. On account of ill-health the Reverend Joseph Blackburn retired on 4th October and left for the south, accompanied by Mrs. Blackburn and Billy. The Reverend Gilbert Thompson is now in charge of the mission. Miss M. Armstrong is also a new member on the staff of the mission, succeeding Miss Ridgedale, while Miss Orme is teacher in place of Miss Turner, who retired earlier in the summer.

During the summer Father Saindon visited both the east and the west coast missions, and is at the time of writing on a business visit to Montreal. Father Belleau was transferred to the charge of Fort George mission, while Father Meilleur succeeds him at Attawapiskat. Meanwhile Father Langlois has come down to stay at Moosonee.

Reverend Doctor Cooper, of the Catholic University of Washington, accompanied by his secretary, Miss Flannery, spent a few weeks with us at Moose Factory this summer. Dr. Cooper is an anthropologist of note and has made extensive studies throughout the North for a number of years past.

On 21st October we very nearly did not get our weekly mail, but, thanks to the heroic efforts of Messrs. Wilding and Thompson, the situation was nobly saved. These two gentlemen went across for the mail on Saturday afternoon by canoe. It was snowing and blowing a regular hurricane, and when they were returning the motor "conked." Despite their efforts at paddling, they were gradually drifting down the river opposite the townsite; so finally they decided they had better go ashore at our warehouse before they drifted out to sea. There they spent the night, and a terrible night it was too. We were quite anxious as to their safety, and were just organizing a search party on Sunday when they arrived all safe and delivered His Majesty's mail.

We regret having to report that R. Thompson fractured his arm in October and is at present on the sick list. He is, however, progressing well and should be able to return to his duties in the near future.

St. Lawrence-Ungava District

We were honoured by a visit from the Governor and Mrs. Cooper on 30th October. The Governor presented a long service silver medal to Miss M. M. Casey, of the district office staff, and the second silver bar, marking twenty-five years' service, to J. H. A. Wilmot.

The Fur Trade Commissioner stopped over for a short visit *en route* to London, and also upon his return.

The following post managers spent a few days at district office during August, receiving instruction in fur grading from P. Mehmel, of the fur purchasing agency; J. R. Scott, of Havre St. Pierre; T. D. Lindley, Seven Islands; H. T. F. Petterson, Weymontachingue; and J. H. Gausden, Oskelaneo.

W. Jefferys, Mistassinny, spent a few weeks with his mother in Montreal. A. S. Ritchie, Chibougamau, visited Pointe Bleue and Montreal during a brief vacation. O. D. Wylde, La Sarre, visited the Montreal depot for purposes of buying new stocks.

The citizens of Senneterre recently held a dinner at the New Central Hotel in honour of H. B.

Frankland, post manager, on the occasion of his departure for England on furlough. Ex-Mayor Fortin presided over a gathering of forty, and presented Mr. Frankland with a handsome leather travelling bag as a token of esteem from the people of Senneterre.

Typhoid fever broke out among the Indians at Manowan post, brought about by the extremely low water prevalent during the past summer. Quick action however was taken by the Department of Indian Affairs and a medical force was sent to combat the disease, with good results.

F. McLeod, Woswonaby, came out to Amos for medical attention.

Travers Babbage, of the district office staff, was transferred to James Bay district. He was presented with a dressing case by the staff before leaving.

The following have been added to the staff in the district: H. A. Graham, Woswonaby; Desmond Nevin, Mistassinny; John Griffin, Norman Catley and Russel Nicol, district office.

C. Picaude returned to Bersimis after a few weeks' sick leave at St. Agathe. He was much improved after his treatment.

B. G. C. Clench has been placed in charge of St. Augustine post.

W. E. Brown, of the F.T.C.O., accompanied by J. Thevenet, is at present engaged in an inspection tour of the lower Gulf posts.

Captain I. Barbour and Steve Bradbury, captain and engineer respectively of the *M.B. Amadjuak*, passed through Montreal *en route* from Moose Factory to Newfoundland.

Wm. Nairn, of the Winnipeg depot, spent a few days in Montreal visiting the various wholesale houses in the city with L. A. Graham.

We were pleased to receive a visit from Mr. C. S. Riley, member of the Canadian Committee, when he passed through Montreal.

An interesting shipment, consisting of thirty pairs of live silver foxes and eighty-eight mink, passed through Montreal. The foxes arrived from our Mingan fur farm in charge of J. E. Love, and the mink from Cartwright under the care of J. B. Renny, who looked after all the animals on the railway journey to Winnipeg.

H. P. Warne, superintendent of fur purchasing agencies, paid us a brief but welcome visit.

J. H. A. Wilmot visited Bersimis and Senneterre during the past quarter.

Other recent visitors included C. W. Veysey and J. C. Atkins, of Winnipeg; C. G. Dunn and Garon Pratte, of Quebec; A. B. Swaffield, Manowan post; M. G. Hamilton, manager Mingan Seigniory; Drs. Becker and Laauwe, of New Jersey; W. E. Swaffield, senior, Wm. Burns, of Case, Pomeroy, New York City; R. H. Cook and W. A. Watt, James Bay district; W. Black, F.T.C.O.; Capt. Alexander, of Revillon Freres Trading Company Limited; Rev. E. C. Clench, of Newfoundland; W. O. Douglas, F.T.C.O.; Mr. Whitman, of Robin Jones and Whitman, Halifax; J. E. Love, Mingan fur farm; Inspector Wunsch, R.C.M. Police; Scout Liddell; A. M. Jones; E. J. Haight, Barriere post; Capt. Fournier, of the Fournier Steamship Company; Dr. and Mrs. Binet, of Havre St. Pierre; H. G. Evans, Senneterre; and Max Sauer, who was the Company's photographer on the recent voyage of the *SS. Nascopie*.

F. C. Gaudet was also a recent visitor. This family has a remarkable record of service with the Company. Including the father (Chief Trader Charles Philip Gaudet, who had been with the Company 59 years), and the four brothers (F. C. Gaudet, 41 years; J. L., 37 years; T., 37 years, and John, 20 years), the total years of service is one hundred and ninety-four, a record of which any family may well be proud.

Members of the Northern staff who returned to civilization on furlough by the *Nascopie* included George Gall, of Pangnirtung, who spent a few weeks in Newfoundland before proceeding to Ontario; J. T. D. Ford, of Lake Harbour, and O. M. Demment, of Wolstenholme. The latter visited district office before sailing for England.

Labrador District

The *SS. Nascopie*, in command of Captain Smellie, arrived from the North on September 27, and is now moored in St. John's harbour for the winter. Major McKeand, Inspector Wunsch and other members of the R.C.M.P. and Mr. Watson, who arrived by that ship, made a short stopover and took passage the following day by express for Canada. Messrs. W. Ritchie, O. M. Demment and J. B. Renny sailed by the *SS. Dominica* for Montreal on September 30.

An interesting shipment by the *SS. Nascopie* from Cartwright consisted of eighty-eight live mink which were in transit to the Canadian West and in charge of J. B. Renny. All the animals appeared to be in a healthy condition on arrival here.

The *M.S. Fort Garry*, in charge of Captain James Dawe, is at present on her way south from her last trip to Labrador for the season. On her voyage she called at all Labrador posts to Hebron. She is returning with a full load of codfish consisting of four thousand quintals.

The schooner *Arthur G. C. Stone* arrived from Blanc Sablon post on October 17 with a cargo of twenty-seven hundred quintals, and the *Ada Westhaven* is now due with approximately three thousand quintals of codfish from the same post.

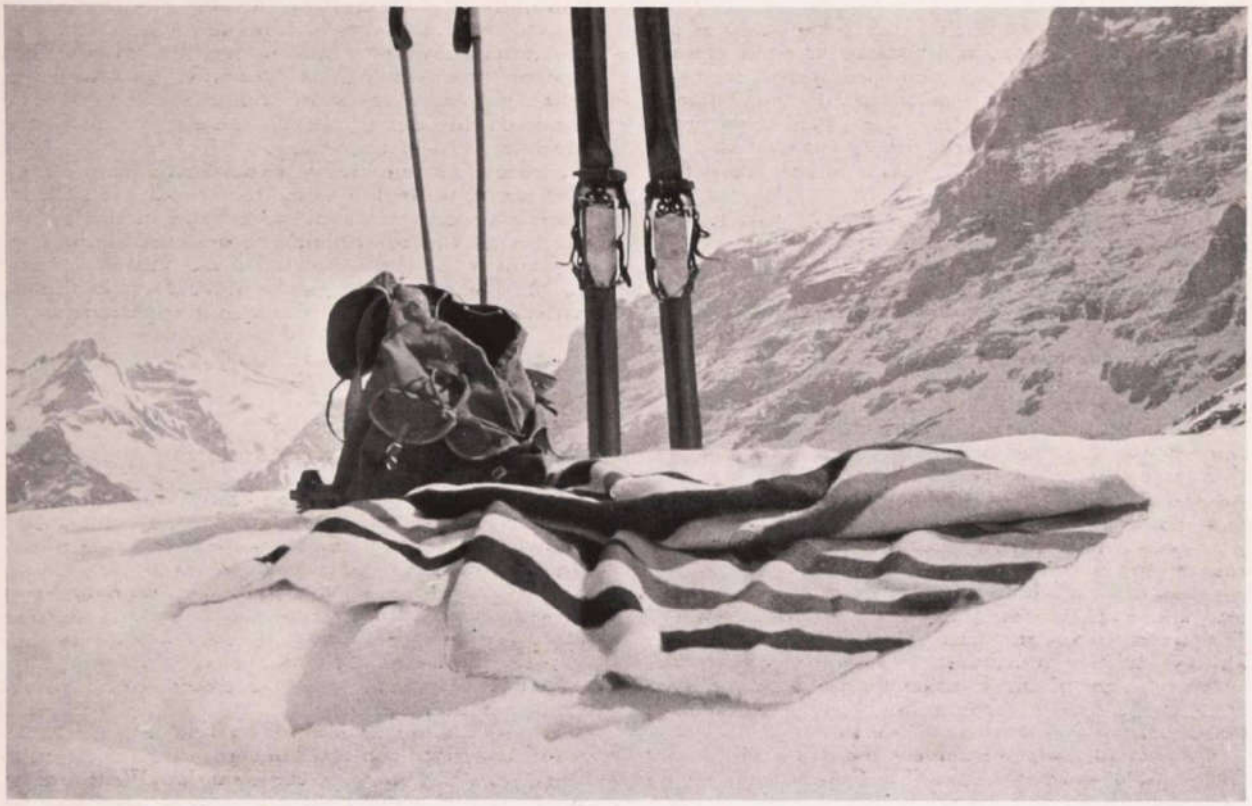
Mr. C. P. Rendell was a visitor on November 3, having just arrived from Churchill *via* Winnipeg, Manitoba, and Montreal.

Captain Smellie left for Winnipeg on October 19. Frank Newlands, chief engineer of the *SS. Nascopie*, sailed for England by the *SS. Newfoundland* on November 1.

Rev. S. Lawton was a frequent visitor during October. Other visitors during the last quarter included Mr. Maurice, of the London office; Doctor H. M. Mosdell, M.H.A., St. John's; and Rev. Father O'Brien.

F. M. Peters, manager at Davis Inlet, was out on a short furlough and spent some time at the office during September.

STANDARD FOR THE WORLD



Wherever men live out of doors in temperate or Arctic zones Hudson's Bay Point Blankets are known and appreciated

FOR centuries the Hudson's Bay Company has been equipping men to live and travel under strenuous conditions. The Point Blanket is the product of this experience. English, Australian, Indian and Swiss wools are blended to create the warmth, water resisting and enduring qualities. Prospecting parties into the Arctic Circle of Canada, expeditions to the South Pole and to the conquest of Mt. Everest regard the Hudson's Bay Point Blanket as standard equipment. You will find them in the ski lodges of the Laurentians and the hunting lodges of the Rockies. In lighter weights and delicate pastel shades, they are now used in Canadian homes where quality is appreciated.

Hudson's Bay Company.

INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670.

Archives of Hudson's Bay Company

(*Continued from Page 42*)

Correspondence, etc., of Hudson's Bay Company administrators in North America; *e.g.*, of Sir George Simpson and of other Governors-in-Chief of Rupert's Land.

When we come to consider the question of the disposal of the records after the Deed of Surrender of Rupert's Land, it will probably be found more convenient to include the correspondence books and other records of the Company's commissioners in this section.

Hudson's Bay Company records relating to parliamentary committee appointed in 1857 to investigate the Company's affairs.

Section E—Will consist of records of subsidiary companies and organizations other than the Hudson's Bay Company and comprise seventeen classes including, for the sake of illustration, documents, etc., possessed by the Company pertaining to the following companies: The North-West Company, The Puget's Sound Agricultural Society, Limited.

Section Z—Miscellaneous records, consisting of four classes comprising records not forming part of the archives of any Hudson's Bay Company administration, such as: Correspondence of Hudson's Bay Company servants exclusively of a private nature; books of newspaper cuttings; parliamentary Acts; Stowe Papers purchased by the Hudson's Bay Company in 1923 from the collection of the late Duke of Buckingham and Chandos.

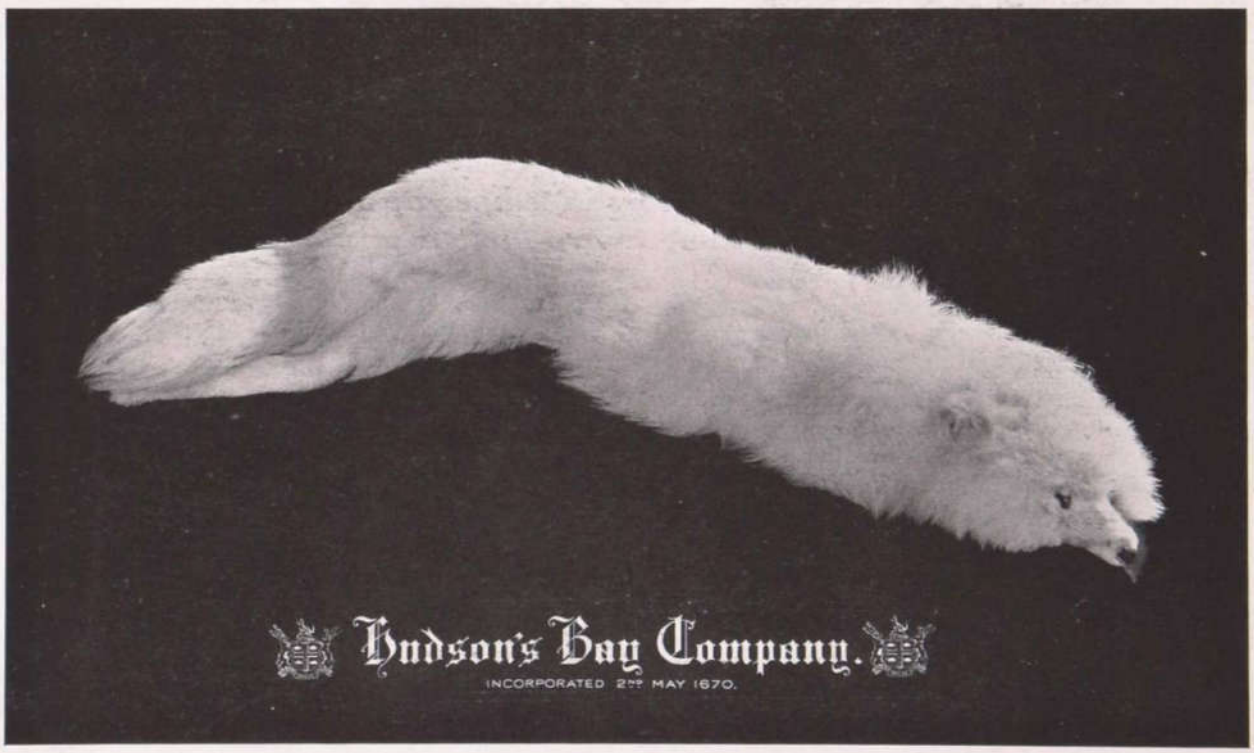
The Board appreciate that the Company's archives comprise a collection of documents which should prove of absorbing interest to students of Canadian history and others, and it is hoped in the not too distant future to grant facilities for research. In this connection a general summary of classes will be prepared for the assistance of students, and also class lists containing particulars of the various items included in each.

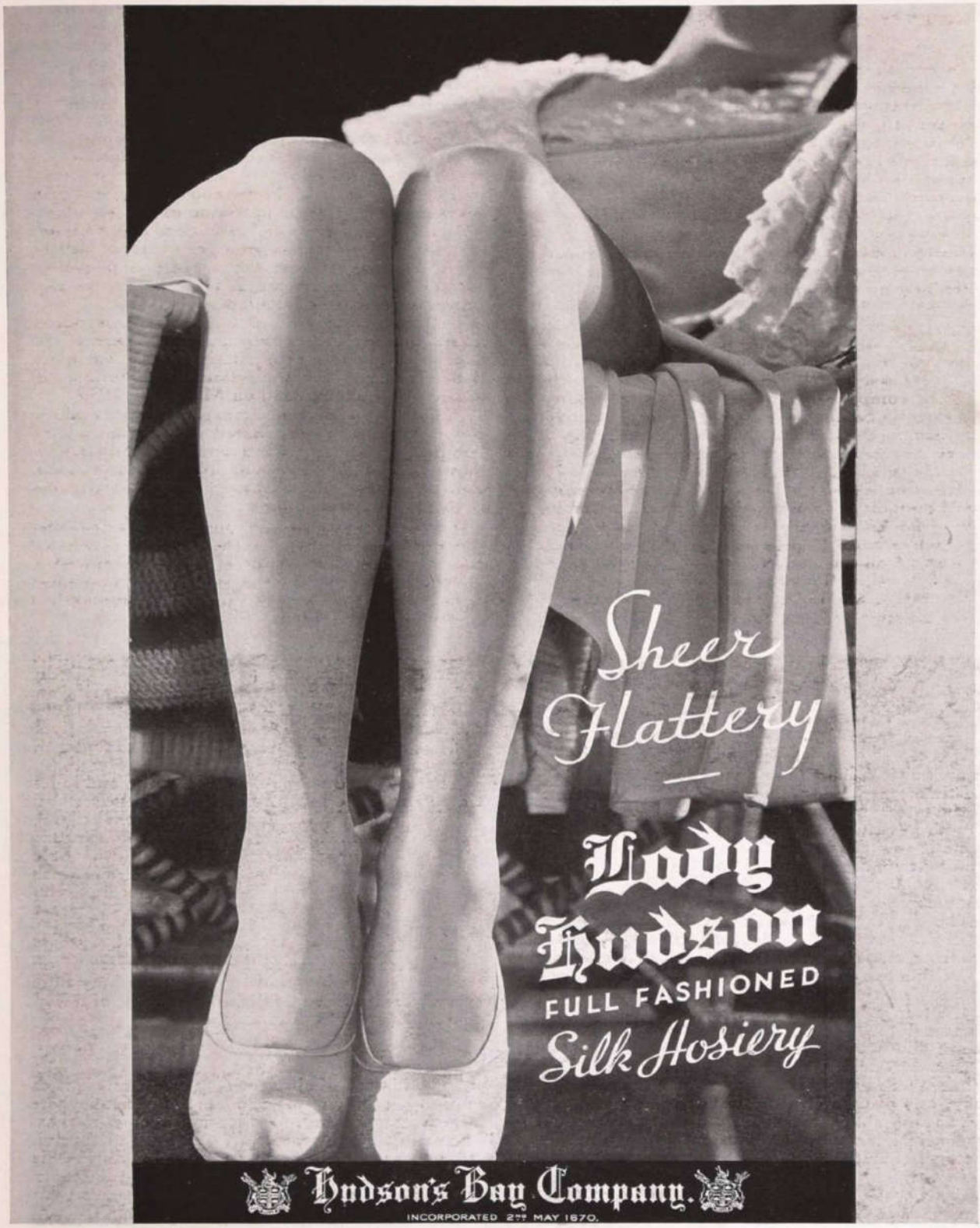
The work in connection with classification, etc., in accordance with the scheme above outlined is now in progress, and it will be realized that a very considerable amount of time and thought has been devoted recently to the question of the usefulness and care of the Company's archives. It is probable that some alteration in matters of detail will be found necessary before the scheme is perfected, but the foregoing gives a general idea of the system which has been adopted.

Complementary to the work already outlined, consideration has been given by the Board to the important question of maintaining the continuity of our archives, and the following resolution was passed at a meeting held on May 16th, 1933:

"That the respective managements in London and in Canada be instructed to examine all the Company's records with a view to providing for continuity of collection of all important documents for preservation in the Company's archives at the London head office."

It is not possible to give anything like an adequate or full description of the treasures contained in our archives, but I hope I may be permitted in the course of a subsequent article to give a short description of a few of the more outstanding classes included therein.




Sheer Flattery
Lady Hudson
FULL FASHIONED
Silk Hosiery
Hudson's Bay Company.
INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670.

Chief Factor and Photographer

(*Continued from Page 26*)

He went through the Indian Mutiny and was a contemporary of Lord Roberts.

As all the photographic material came from England, the following order typical of many may be of interest. Father got much of his supplies from the famous London firm of P. Meagher, specialists in photographic goods.

Moose Factory, 16th February, 1881.

Mr. P. Meagher,
21 Southampton Row, London.

Sir—I would feel obliged by your furnishing me with the undermentioned goods:

1 Ross's cabinet portrait lens with diaphrams 2¼ clear aperture, 6 inch focus; should be placed at 14 ft. from the sitter	£13. 0. 0
Slide for plates 6½x4¼	2.10. 0
2 oz. Nelson's gelatine 6d	1. 4
1 pce. pure India rubber for tight top bottle, 8 inches long 1½ inches wide	1. 6
6 books blue litmus paper 2d	1. 0
1 graduated capped collodion bottle, 2 oz	2. 0
½ quire Eagle albumenized paper 8/-	4. "
4 oz. cyanide potassium 6d	2. "
1 Photographic Year Book for 1881	1. "
1 Photographic Year Book for 1880 (if it can be got)	1. "
	£16.4.10

Add ½ pint Mawson's collodion with iodizer separately.

Be good enough to address the box as follows,

James L. Cotter, Moose Factory
Care William Armit, Esq.,
Secretary to the Hudson's Bay Company
No. 1 Lime Street, London.

The box should be at the Hudson's Bay House not later than 25th May, as the ship for Moose Factory sails about 1st June.

I am, sir, yours faithfully.

JAMES L. COTTER.

How the Tale Was Told

(*Continued from Page 31*)

to answer it. This he has done adequately. All the old-timers, including Mr. Angus Mackay (brother of the late Mr. Justice Mackay), who was himself a Hudson's Bay officer in Welsh's time and whose uncle it was that Welsh accompanied on his first trading trip, state that the old trader was a man of the utmost veracity and that his statements are completely correct.

The geographical locations have been checked by my husband, the director of surveys for the province of Saskatchewan, and have been found approximately correct as given by the old trader. In one or two instances there were clerical errors in the transcription of the notes from the original manuscript. One in connection with the alleged use of the word "steers" instead of "bulls," and almost too trivial for comment, has been criticized. What Welsh really said, with his fine sense of delicacy, out of deference no doubt to my sex, was "young buffalo—steers like." I do not know who is responsible for the abbreviation of the phrase—the typist, or the printer. What matter? It is the veriest trifle.

The body of my old trader lies in the quiet graveyard at Lebret beside those of his children—the little frozen bodies that he brought here for burial from the great lonesome plains at Dundurn. A simple cross marks his earthly grave. But a greater monument has been reared to the memory of Norbert Welsh, quarter-breed, trader, gentleman! It is his saga of the Northwest, which shall go down through history to be remembered when the words of more powerful, but lesser, men shall be forgotten. This saga I have had the honour to write!

Tea and Dog Meat

(*Continued from Page 32*)

No food, forty miles from the settlement, and a raging blizzard. It was not particularly cold, but I knew how quickly resistance to cold fell when one's belly was empty. There was nothing for it but to strike out for the settlement, trusting to our stout dogs and the true Northern never-say-die spirit I hoped we possessed.

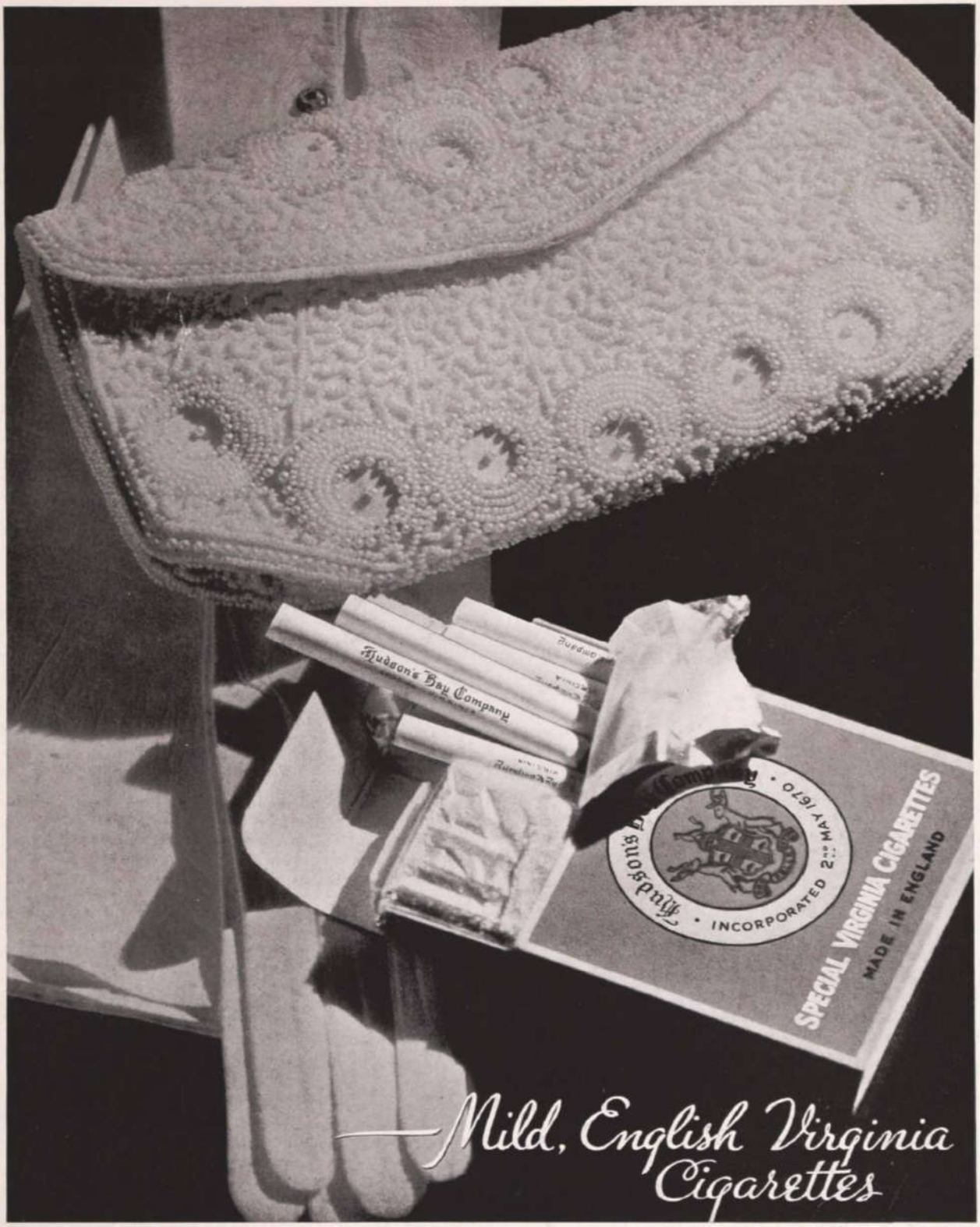
We fought the wind and the snow, which seemed determined to defeat us, all that day, stopping once to boil tea. I could feel my vitality sinking; spots floated before my eyes, trees took the shape of people, and great rocks seemed to be houses. The dogs too were giving in, and twice we had to put Pesew, the third dog, on his feet. The others were gaunt and pathetic looking, but fought on. We lightened the load, hanging the big snowshoes along the trail first; the useless grub box was thrown off; then one of the rifles was cached; finally the Indian dumped out his bed roll.

But night found two discouraged, sluggish, deathly weary travellers still nearly twenty miles from their objective. We made camp blindly, grimly, stolidly. And after the fire was roaring and spluttering in the still falling snow, the Indian picked up his hand axe, fingered it speculatively and looked at me mutely—we both thought the same thing.

There was a dull thud, a stifled yelp, and in less time than it will take my readers to get over their surprise, and maybe revulsion, four famished dogs were gulping raw, warm flesh; and soon after two nearly all-in voyageurs were devouring a pot of boiled meat and a broiled leg (from Pesew) washing it down with great mouthfuls of scalding hot tea.

The next day we pulled into the settlement late in the afternoon: two woe-begone hunters and four miserable dogs. And during the rest of my stay in the North I used to jump out of my bunk every morning onto the thick, furry pelt of Pesew, who had saved my life.

"The history of civilization as we know it is essentially a history of the northern hemisphere. Generally speaking, civilization seems to have started in the sub-tropics. . . . . As civilization has been spreading northward during historic times, it has been spreading toward the centre of a circle. That centre is the Arctic."—From *Encyclopaedia Britannica.*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